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A NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
*Sufferings & Death*  
OF  
MONS. ISAAC LE FEBVRE.

THE  
FAITH AND PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS:

EXHIBITED IN

THE NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
Sufferings & Death  
OF  
MONS. ISAAC LE FEBVRE,

A PROTESTANT OF CHATEL-CHIGNON, IN FRANCE,

*Who was condemned to the galleys, in the persecution which followed the revocation  
of the edict of Nantes, and confined fifteen years in a solitary  
dungeon, where he died.*

"Of whom the world was not worthy."—HEB. xi. 38.

WRITTEN BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT PASTOR, AND PUBLISHED  
AT ROTTERDAM IN 1703.

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A New Translation.

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WITH A PREFACE,

BY

THE REV. JOHN NORMAN PEARSON, M.A.

INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHURCH,  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE little work here presented to the public is a translation of an old French book, the substance of which is an affecting narrative, illustrating the severe persecution which befel the Huguenots in France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. This narrative is nearly confined to the sufferings of a single individual ; but it proves incidentally, that wherever popery is able to reach the members of a purer church it crushes them indiscriminately, and knows not how to pity or spare. At a period in which the genius of liberalism (strange to say) has taken under its special protection this Leviathan, which it would persuade us has grown tame, so

lost its former habits, and contracted such a distaste for blood, that we may now “play with it as with a bird,” and “bind it for our maidens;”—at such a period it is highly important to bring authentic documents before the public eye of what Romanism has always been and must needs continue. A more dangerous opinion cannot be well entertained (and mortal foes to religion and their country are those who propagate it) than the opinion that intolerance is a mere accident of popery, and not of its very essence. Repeatedly has it been shewn, from the authentic articles of the Romish church, from its legal constitutions, and out of writers of the highest authority within its pale, as well as by an over-balancing induction of historical facts, that the spirit of the popedom never relents towards those who refuse it implicit obedience. It is a stern, uncompromising, truculent despotism, and cannot become otherwise than by ceasing to be. Since its growth was complete, and its form and character fixed, it

has never altered its attitude, nor can do so without abandoning its fundamental pretensions. Seated, as a God, upon a solitary throne, it plants its foot upon the necks of mankind, and points its sword at the breasts of any who attempt to rise from their abject position. It may yield to circumstances, and put on the mask of conciliation and forbearance; but its imperious nature is unchangeable. For political purposes it may assume the mild aspect "of a lamb;" but when the season comes for discovering its real sentiments, it will abundantly speak out "as a dragon." From the narrative before us, we obtain conclusive evidence in support of these allegations.

The subject of the memoir was a man of good family, excellent talent, and great moral worth. Although a convert to the reformed religion, he was not a forward promoter of it, being apparently of a quiet and rather timid disposition. But his refusal to surrender himself with pros-

trate servility to the church of Rome, to subscribe all its tenets, and pay worship to its hierarchy, was enough to draw down upon him its implacable vengeance. Let the reader attentively consider this record of the protracted martyrdom of Mons. Le Febvre, (for well may he be called a martyr, whose life was abridged by a long incarceration and most inhuman treatment.) Let the reader look into this record as a mirror, in which the features of popery are far from being displayed in all their enormity, and then say whether a judicial blindness must not fall upon a protestant people before it can lend itself to the restoration of so malignant a power to replenishing its cup of sorceries, and to “girding” it “with a new sword.”

But other excellent fruits, it is hoped, will be produced by giving this little volume to the world. It abounds in beautiful traits of a high-toned Christianity. Nothing can be more sound, and spiritual, and deeply pathetic, than M. Le

Febvre's letters from prison, conveyed by stealth to his former pastor, or to his fellow-sufferers. They are imbued with the grace that was pre-eminently shed on the prince of martyrs; with meekness, patience, love to souls, and zeal for the glory of God. Accordingly, the devotional reader will find a rich treasure in these pages; and may gather from them, in the hour of affliction, a store of instruction, encouragement, and comfort.

With this sense of the utility of the present publication, the author of the preface could not deny the request of the estimable person by whom the translation has been made, to introduce it by a few remarks, although aware how narrow the circle in which his commendation will carry any weight. But the book, when once submitted to the intelligent and serious-minded reader, will speak for itself. He has only to add that so far as he has compared this version with the original, he has found it very

faithfully executed; and he regards the translator as entitled to the gratitude of a Christian and protestant community, for having rescued from obscurity so valuable a gem of evangelical literature.

JOHN NORMAN PEARSON.

Tunbridge Wells,  
April, 1839.

THE  
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH  
OF  
MONS. ISAAC LE FEBVRE.

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THE design of the following memoir is, to record the sufferings and victorious death of one of those faithful martyrs who were condemned to perpetual slavery on board the galleys, in the persecution which took place in France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; to present to the church of God his great example of faith, patience, love, and zeal, while enduring a long and cruel imprisonment; and, through the medium of his correspondence, to represent the general treatment which the protestants received in those vessels.

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Mons. Isaac Le Febvre was born in the year 1648, at Chatel-Chignon, in Nivernois. His



parents belonged to a family of distinction, and were highly esteemed by all the protestants in that part of the country. He speaks of them with great praise, in one of his letters from the prison of Marseilles. After relating the sufferings of his sister, who was at that time confined in a convent at Nevers, where she glorified God by her patience and courage, and afterwards died, in the faith of Jesus Christ, he says,—

“ I admire what the Holy Spirit has wrought in her. The great God has remembered his promise to the children of them that fear him. Of such were my ancestors. My grandfather and grandmother having walked before him in Christian simplicity, and endeavoured to do his will in their day, both died in a good old age, in the communion of the true church. It pleased God to take my mother to himself betimes; but I know that her life was exemplary and edifying, and very remote from the vain amusements of the age. The probity, zeal, patience, and happy end, of my father are known to you, and though I cannot speak of him without emotion, his memory is too dear to me to pass it over in silence. You visited him on his death-bed, or rather his bed of life; and I remember the tes-

timony you bore when you came away from his chamber: 'I came to edify and console a sick person; but he has edified and consoled me.' He was the same as you then saw him, throughout his very long and severe sickness; being always resigned, patient, and most cheerfully committing his soul into the hands of his Saviour and his God. He was naturally passionate, but the grace of God raised him so far above himself, that he became of all men the most patient in the acute and violent pains which he suffered. The dear man becoming paralytic on one side, I used frequently to carry him from one bed to another, to give him ease; and he was so much pleased with the little attentions I shewed him, that he could not endure me to be out of his sight. The paralysis ending in apoplexy, he lay four days and nights in the agonies of death, yet directing his eyes towards heaven, with the expression of one in holy raptures; and giving us to understand, when he was roused from lethargic slumbers by caustics, that the desire of his heart, as well as of his lips, was only towards God. I praise God, the God of my fathers, for the spirit of meekness bestowed upon his servant, the patience granted him in the tor-

ments of his disease, and the sincere piety that was implanted in his heart. And as long as I live, I will bless the Lord God of all flesh, the Father of spirits, that he granted me the favour to be present at that event, which, though terrible to the reprobate, is sweet and full of consolation to his children; and that at the moment when he took the soul of his servant to himself, he put these words into my mouth, which I pronounced with a loud voice, ‘ Lord Jesus, receive his spirit into thy hands!’ May the blessed Jesus put them again into my heart and mouth, at the last moment of my life, and say to my inmost soul, ‘ Good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord: I am thy Saviour.’ I cannot live, much less die, without God. Neither the world nor the devil can ever separate me from him. I shall be faithful unto death.”

Mons. Le Febvre was well educated. He was sent to Geneva, in 1663, where he went through a course of philosophy; and afterwards to Orleans, to study law, where he took his degrees; after which he went to Paris, and having shewn his testimonials to Mons. Talon, the attorney-general, he was enrolled an advocate in the

court of parliament. As it is intended, however, only to record his martyrdom, and the circumstances immediately connected with it, nothing will be said of his youth, nor of his conduct in the family and in the world, except that it was always correct and prudent. He stayed some time in Paris, and then returned to Provins. Being employed by the Marchioness of St. André Monbrun, he went a journey to Poitou and Saintonge, to arrange her affairs. While in that country, he was summoned before the intendant of Rochfort, upon false information concerning his religion; and although he was ill with a fever, he made his appearance, and was acquitted. From thence he went to Paris, just at the time when the edict of Nantes was revoked; which obliged him to set off immediately for Burgundy, to give the Marchioness a statement of her affairs, and then to make preparation to escape to a foreign land. A letter which he wrote from Marseilles, in 1686, relating what passed in this lady's house, and the treatment she received, is worth inserting in this place, for its account of what befel him before his flight, and of the persecutions that took place in that quarter:—

“ Nothing could be more surprising than the delivery of your letter to me, at a time when I am more watched, and kept closer, than ever. No one dares come near nor speak to me. Those who ask to see me are refused admission into the galley ; and all my letters are withheld and carried to the intendant at Marseilles. The galley-slaves may be released from the great chain by paying a small sum of money ; but that indulgence is absolutely denied me. I am not suffered to read nor write. Yet, with all these obstacles, your consolations have reached me ; and notwithstanding the vigilance of my keepers, I have read your most feeling and consoling letter with inexpressible delight. The affection and charity which pervade it have filled my heart with love and gratitude ; and in reading some passages, I have had a foretaste of the eternal joys of the redeemed—an anticipation of the glory that is reserved for us in heaven. I am deeply affected, most revered father, (permit me so to call you, since I had the honour to be your pupil and son in Jesus Christ,) and feel that God, who made use of your ministry to form true faith in my heart, now employs the same means to establish me in

the faith, and confirm me in my holy resolution to die a thousand times rather than abandon the hope of so great a salvation. Wearied and disgusted with the voice of strangers, my soul rejoiced with great joy at the voice of my dear pastor. The tears you draw from my eyes only nourish my secret joy, and increase my inward peace. Faithful minister of Jesus Christ, well do you discharge the duties of a good pastor, and great will be your reward in heaven! I owe you a full and free communication, and earnestly desire to perform that duty, hoping that the success which has attended this beginning may be continued until the end."

As inquiries were made in the letter he had received about Mons. de Marolles, whom he joined in the chain at Chalons, and with whom he was known to have been some time in the hospital of Marseilles, he replies to them before he speaks of himself:—

"There are no communications now between the illustrious Mons. de Marolles and myself. After we had been a few days together, he was declared an invalid, and as such removed to a hospital-galley; but I have since been informed he is on board an armed galley. I do not know

the reason of the change. That noble champion appeared in the metropolis as a burning and shining light ; but I am only smoking flax, upon whom our God, who makes choice of weak things to confound the mighty, has looked with infinite compassion. So far am I, my dearest pastor, from the perfection you impute to me, that I shall endeavour to tell you all my fears, my troubles, the extreme weakness of my faith, my sufferings, and the great mercies that God has bestowed upon me. I shall not relate every incident that befel me ; but shall confine myself to speaking of the state of mind I was in, when God rooted up the plants he had planted in the place where I lived, of my condition when I was arrested, and of our heavenly Father's blessing on my feeble beginning.

“ The spirit of alarm and weakness reigned in the provinces which I had just left when I had the honour of seeing you at Paris. I expected to find more stedfastness in the capital ; but alas ! consternation was spread over all that great city ; and I was obliged to leave it. Oh mournful remembrance ! It had then pleased God completely to break down the hedge of defence, with which he had surrounded his church. You

gave me your blessing; and I left you and my dear relatives in great anguish of spirit. We were 'grieved for the afflictions of Joseph;' and I may add, that from that day until I was condemned to the galleys, I was oppressed with continual sorrow in my heart.

" The Marchioness of St. André expected me to return and finish her intricate affair, for she would trust nobody but me. I was therefore incessantly engaged for three months, and was more frequently at Nevers, and Moulins in Bourbonnois, than at La Nocle. Being known to be of *the religion*, great care was taken to inform me of every person of consequence who apostatized. I saw nothing but fallings away on every side. Persons the most eminent for piety were overcome by the violence of temptation. Trembling seized me; and I said in my grief, 'If the cedars fall, what will become of the bulrush?' The Marchioness, who thought herself safe from the storm, was attacked in her turn by Monsieur Harlai, a counsellor of state, and the intendant of Burgoyne; who wrote her a letter from Parai-le-moineau, full of civilities, indeed, but urgent and very decided. 'You must renounce your religion,'



said he, ‘ or make up your mind to lose your property and your liberty, and perhaps even to undergo personal sufferings.’\* Such being the miserable choice she was to make, she resolved to request time, making no promises, however, in her first answer. But the intendant would allow only fifteen days’ delay ; and he delivered his orders in so express and firm a manner, that the Marchioness of St. André, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Mombrun, seeing no way of escape, determined to seek some relaxation in the terms of union. For this purpose, they had a deed of union drawn up on the Grenoble and Lyons plan, which Monsieur Monchanin de Monceau took to Dijon, with a letter, before the expiration of the fifteen days. But it was in vain. The intendant would make no concessions, but repeated his former menaces, and told Monsieur Monchanin that he would send a dozen archers to arrest me. The Bishop of Autun, also, appeared highly incensed against me. They had heard that I had been a journey into Poitou to encourage my brethren, and that I still fre-

\* See Appendix, Note 1.

quently went into the provinces of Nivernois and Berri, with the same design. Monsieur Monchanin attempted to defend me by saying that I was not an evil-disposed person, and that if to be attached to one's religion was a crime, every man was criminal. But as he enlarged on the cruelties that were practised upon us, the intendant interrupted him, and said, 'Of what do you complain? You have not yet resisted unto blood.' These words, I would observe by the way, have made a great impression upon me since. They are St. Paul's, and are written in the twelfth chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews; but they were certainly not spoken in the same spirit and with the same intention on this occasion, but rather in the spirit of Julian the apostate, who replied to the complaints of the Christians he persecuted, 'You ought to bear it, because your Master foretold you it would come to pass.' Assuredly it was not the Spirit of God who inspired the intendant with these words! The apostle penned them by the inspiration of God, to comfort and strengthen the Hebrews in their affliction; but this man utters them to intimidate and discourage the persecuted believers,

by the orders of a prince who has undertaken to exterminate the church of God.

“ Monsieur Monchanin informed us when he returned, that the intendant was not coming himself, but that he had commissioned the lieutenant-general, and the king’s attorney at Autun, to execute his orders ; and that the bishop, accompanied by these gentlemen, and a company of dragoons from Dijon and Autun, with his usual attendants, was on his way to La Nocle.” Goodly equipage ! Fit retinue for a dignitary of the church ! The Bishop of Autun and his brother prelates pay court to an earthly monarch ; but they forget, when they head a party of archers and dragoons in these Roman apostolic missions, that there is a King of kings above him whom they seek to please, who will call them to account for these expeditions of violence, which are so inconsistent with their character, but which they have authorized either by their presence or approbation. Yet, to say something in their praise, these illustrious prelates are men of their word. They had promised us this treatment in the letter they addressed to us, at the beginning of the persecution—‘ *Et erunt novissima vestra pejora*

prioribus." But let us hear our martyr. "He added," says he, "that I was particularly threatened, and advised me to go out of the way. I answered, I would follow his advice; and accordingly, I left La Nocle two hours before this numerous company arrived. I was in great perplexity, for I loved the truth above everything in the world, but was by no means ready to suffer martyrdom, and could see no safety but in flight. I had often formed this resolution; but the Marchioness had always opposed it so earnestly, telling me that if I forsook her, she should be in despair, that I as often yielded to her entreaties. One thing surprised and afflicted me, which was, that in so distressing a juncture, she never neglected the care of her temporal concerns. Knowing that my intention was to retreat, she said to me, with great kindness in her manner, about a fortnight before my departure, 'Where will you go, Sir? You are not fit for the galleys. Are you prepared to become a martyr? A fortnight's imprisonment would kill you. See if you can do as we have done.' I answered, I certainly had not the spirit of a martyr, but that God gave strength; and that I could not

possibly do as she had done, for I should then expect eternal perdition. I mounted my horse for Chatel-chignon, where my sister, persecuted by the emissaries of the Bishop of Nevers, by the minister, and by her own husband, earnestly desired to see me; and from whom I had often received an express to entreat me not to refuse her my help and consolations. My own domestic affairs also called me thither. These were urgent considerations. Notwithstanding, to comply with the Marchioness of St. André's request, I took the road to Nevers, where a judiciary lease of her estates was being renewed.

“In the meantime, that crafty courtier, the Bishop of Autun, having frightened her by his menaces, allured her by his promises, and brought her to sign her union, her example was followed by all at La Nocle with tears; and the bishop, after being entertained at the castle by the Marquis of Mombrun, went away perfectly satisfied with his success. The Marchioness had written me at Nevers, that he was extremely well disposed towards me, and sorry he had not met me; that he would have done nothing but what I wished, and would

prevent any violence being done to me in his diocese. Be that as it may, I soon saw the contrary. The minister of La Nocle having endeavoured to persuade me to visit the bishop in his episcopal palace at Autun, upon my refusal, the prelate wrote fulminating letters against me to the Marchioness. 'If that man,' said he, 'does not comply within four days, the delegates of the intendants of Dijon and Nevers have orders to take him, wheresoever he may be found, even if it should be in your house. This will grieve you, Madam. I have hitherto prevented it from being done. Both human and divine laws require that he should be made to do as you have done; and you ought to constrain him to do so, or abandon him.' "

In following up his design of escaping from persecution, our martyr was arrested on Sunday, the 14th of February, 1686, near Portarli, in Burgundy, while attempting to pass into Switzerland with a Swiss, whose name was La Tour, and sent to Bésançon, where he was ill-treated, fettered, and stripped of everything in his possession. His arms and a watch of the value of twenty-three Louis-d'or were taken from him,

his horse was given by the intendant to the archer for his reward, and the rest of his effects were dispersed in various ways; a great distinction being made in this respect between him and others, whose property had been seized and was restored. After three weeks' imprisonment with some others, who, having abjured their faith, were set at liberty, he was conducted to the council chamber, put on his trial, and condemned to serve the king for life, as a slave on board the galleys. The next day he was sent to a dungeon, where he remained more than two months, in fetters day and night, sustaining severe temptations all that time. While he was before the court, a counsellor observing that he walked with difficulty in irons, said, in insult to his weakness, "When a man is convinced he is of the true religion, he should submit to everything, even death itself." "This truth," said he, "made a great impression on my heart, and I found myself strengthened by it. I therefore answered, that his observation was very just, and I had chosen that course." Many a Caiaphas has pronounced truths and uttered prophecies unwittingly, like that Jewish pontiff, when he said, in reference to the death of Jesus Christ,

upon which the perfidious council had resolved, "Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient that one man die for the people."

Monsieur Le Febvre was immediately discovered to be a person whose talents would be employed in consoling and encouraging his afflicted brethren. He was therefore placed in close confinement, and all his motions were narrowly watched to prevent him from corresponding with them.

In a letter of the 12th of May, he describes his state in these words:—"Nothing can exceed the cruelty of the treatment I receive. The weaker I become, the more they endeavour to aggravate the miseries of the prison. For several weeks no one has been allowed to enter my dungeon; and if one spot could be found where the air was more infected than another, I was placed there. Yet the love of the truth prevails in my soul; for God, who knows my heart and the purity of my motives, supports me by his grace. He fights against me, but he also fights for me. My weapons are tears and prayers. My faith is weak, and I am a great sinner; but the God of all goodness, the refuge of the afflicted, the only hope of the wretched, who does not quench the smoking flax, nor



break the bruised reed, will have pity upon me, and on the extreme weakness of my faith. He will not suffer me to be put to confusion, because I hope in his promise, that with the temptation, he will make a way to escape. I will not let him go until he bless me."

Though he was now in so distressed a condition, he refused a supply of money which one of his relations sent him, saying that those things which had been taken from him ought, in justice, to be restored, and that he was about to be fixed to the chain. "I am ranked with criminals," he added, "and treated as a wicked character; but God will have pity upon me. He has never forsaken me. I am in a place where the air is very offensive; and I eat such food as would have poisoned me at another time; yet, even here, I find sweetness and consolations beyond all my expectations."

The way in which he was treated was painful, he said, to his body, but his soul was abundantly comforted. It was a medicine prepared by the hand of One who could not mistake, and was salutary in proportion to its bitterness. He was advised to petition that the things which were taken from him at the time of his arrest might be restored, and

that the severity of his imprisonment might be mitigated; but he did not think proper to do so, because it would afterwards be said everything had been done for him that he had desired. He then calls God to witness that nothing but the hope of a heavenly crown keeps him in the faith which he believes to be the only pure and holy one, in which only there is salvation; and that he would rather end his days in misery, than abandon a religion which had given him so much happiness in the greatest evils, and patience in the midst of tribulations; by which he had been enabled to despise shame, and his heart had been moved to pray for his enemies and persecutors. "I feel great compassion for them," said he, "and sincerely pity them. They think to render God service; but he shews me by the light of his word and his grace, that their zeal is blind, and that they are fighting against God and his truth."

About this time, the Superior of the Jesuits at Bésançon brought him word from the intendant (an office becoming a Jesuit) that he was to be sent to join the chain on the following Monday, even if no others should be sent with him. He learned also, while in this place, that his dear sister, a discreet and pious woman,

who had persevered, like himself, through all the persecution she underwent, was sent to a convent at Moulins, in Bourbonnois; which increased his affliction twofold, but, at the same time, added fresh fervour to his zeal. "Holy Father!" he exclaimed, "keep us in thy name. Here is the faith and patience of the saints."

During his abode in this prison, he mentions that on the Thursday and Friday before the date of his letter, five protestants had been condemned to the galleys for life, all of them poor and far away from their country. One was a lawyer from Montauban, who had left behind him his wife and youngest children. He was led to prison with one of his children, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who, on account of his youth, was placed in the hospital at Bésançon to be instructed in the Romish religion. Two of them were unmarried men, one fifty-six years of age, the other sixty. The eldest was sick and dying when he was condemned, and was therefore exempt from the dungeon and fetters, but had only a handful of straw for his bed. He was a pattern of virtue and patience.

Although Monsieur Le Febvre had been hastily condemned, in the eagerness of his judges

to make examples, he was nevertheless advised by them to appeal to the king, either because, as he observed, he could not, at the time of his arrest, be clearly convicted of attempting to leave the kingdom, or some hopes were entertained that the fear of suffering might induce him to change his religion. "But God," he adds, "who takes the wise in their own craftiness, and frequently makes choice of the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, has never forsaken me, and has shewn me the heinousness of such an apostasy." He was even urged by his judges to make the change, and importuned by some other Roman catholics, whom his friends were obliged to employ to send him assistance, and obtain some intelligence of him. Great service was rendered them in this way by Monsieur N——, who shewed a very tender regard for him. "Monsieur Le Febvre's excellence," said he to the friend who had desired him to visit the poor sufferer, "and his unfortunate attachment to the reformed religion, constrain me to share in the sorrows of his imprisonment, which are insufficient, severe as they are, to drive away the evil spirit that besets him. He becomes weary of my presence, having no wish to hear

any more about his conversion, for which I would willingly give my own life. This kind man, who appears very zealous for his church, must have been charmed, indeed, with the excellence of our martyr, since he would have given his own life for his conversion. Roman-catholic zeal is rarely carried to this point.

From Bésançon he was conducted to Dijon, where he arrived on the 30th of May, 1686, excessively bruised by his irons, and the jolting of the wagon. He says, in a letter of the 1st of June, from the gaol of Dijon,—“ I have almost lost the use of my limbs. I am in great pain all over my body ; and if the Lord had not sent me some relief at Aussone, I should not have been brought alive to Dijon. At Aussone my fetters were taken off, and I was set on horseback ; but before that, I was placed in a wagon in a very painful posture, and hurt by the pressure of others upon me. But whatever may take place, my confidence is in God ; my hope is in him alone. I have had some attacks of fever more severe than usual ; but God will not forsake me.” However, the prison of Dijon and the prison treatment were better than those of Bésançon, for which he expressed great gratitude. “ We hear nothing now,” said he, “ of chains and

dungeons. It pleases God to allow us to gain the strength we shall need to bear the chains which are prepared for us. I am treated with much humanity."

There were many letters sent to this place in his favour, from persons of rank at Paris, and in Provins, as there had been also to Bésançon; which, while they served to shew the great worth of the prisoner, operated against him, by inducing his judges to take the greater pains to gain him over, considering him to be a man of consequence. But, as they could not prevail by promises, they had recourse to rigorous measures, expecting that he would in the end yield to the extremity of suffering; but, failing in each attempt, they resolved to make him an example of extraordinary severity, to deter the other prisoners from pursuing a similar course. Thus the excellence of his character, his friends and acquaintance, were almost as prejudicial to him as the cause he maintained. "The letters of recommendation," said he, "do me an injury. Let us make no more use of them; and do not again importune the Marquis de —, for whom I desire from my heart a marshal's staff."

His friends having sent him larger supplies of money than he desired, he would accept no

more than his necessities absolutely required, declaring that a superfluity was an incumbrance to him; and even that was with the understanding that his brother-in-law should return the sums he received to those who advanced them; or if at any time he accepted more than he immediately needed for himself, it was for the purpose of relieving those who were condemned with him, and were in a state of poverty and wretchedness. His delicacy was so great that he would not mention his personal wants, lest he should appear importunate, intimating that if he were in want of anything, he would not let it be known, for the state of a galley-slave had not debased his spirit; and that if he had much he would give much, for those who were condemned with him were poor and destitute of all human help, but rich in faith.

While he was in the prison of Dijon, he was earnestly entreated to petition the intendant for some mitigation of the hardships of the chain, to which he was about to be fastened. But he did not think it advisable to do so, representing that, even if he should be allowed a better lot than others, which he did not think probable, it would be cowardly to separate himself from them. "We

do not fear," said he, "any of the dreadful things we are threatened with, and which we cannot avoid without a miracle. To us there will be nothing terrific in the sight of a raving officer, and a troop of inhuman ruffians. The blasphemies and rage of the felons with whom we shall be linked, will grieve me much more." Possessing a grateful heart, as well as zeal and charity, he assured us that he was thankful for the indulgences of the prison of Dijon, and under particular obligations to the jailor, "who," said he, "is a very kind man, and much superior to the office he fills, having been reduced to accept that employment through the disorder of his affairs. I should feel my confinement very little, if the rattling of the chain did not continually sound in my ears; and if the Jesuit, Corbigni de l'Orme, who comes from Vézelay, visited me less frequently, or adapted his conversation to the state I am in."

About this time, the chain to which he was to be fastened was sent from Dijon to Paris, under the direction of Mons. de St. Preuil. Having understood that Mons. de Marolles was in the prison of Les Tournelles, and would probably be bound to this chain, he made anxious inquiries about him, while he himself waited



with much composure for that sad event, employing the interval in encouraging those who visited him, and consoling his absent friends by many letters, exhorting them to faithfulness and perseverance in the most touching and edifying manner.

At length, after about two months' confinement at Dijon, he was conducted, with his companions in misery, to Châlons-sur-Sône ; . . . . where the chain arrived from Paris which brought Mons. de Marolles, who was then ill with a fever, as he tells us in a letter from Châlons, of the 3rd of August. " If it were not for the sickness of Mons. de Marolles, I should have only joyful news to send you ; but this grieves me to the very heart. I hope, through the mercy of God, that the fever of this martyr of the Lord Jesus will abate with rest,"—meaning that they were to go by water, and that they enjoyed a kind of ease, their chains being now not quite so heavy. He was at first coupled with a dragoon officer, named Bonvalet, a very mild and discreet man, a brigadier in the Marquis d'Ouartigni's company ; who was condemned to the galleys for allowing Mons. de Villefranche Montbrun, his sister Mademoiselle de la Jonchère, and some others, to escape.

This officer was a Roman catholic, but he was treated as if he had been of the reformed religion. Mons. Le Febvre suffered much the first night, after which he was coupled with Mons. de Marolles, and slept with him.\*

The journey of these martyrs was, as may be easily conceived, painful and harassing. He thus relates it in a letter written in the hospital of galley-slaves, at Marseilles, dated the 20th of August, immediately after their arrival:—"It seems at least six months since I left Dijon. 'The Lord hath made old my flesh and my skin.' At one time, the pains of death took hold upon me; . . . and I was thought by the guards to be really dead, who immediately began to seize upon my clothes; . . . and if we had not made a short stay at Avignon, I could not have escaped a cruel death. After many entreaties, Mons. de St. Preuil allowed me to hire a litter, on condi-

\* The gallerians go two by two, carrying a long chain, which passes through their particular chains in rings. It is a favour to be placed the last on the chain.—*Life of Marolles*.

The saddest spectacle of all was, to see two hundred men at a time chained together, going to the galleys, and above one hundred of that number protestants.—*Bion's Description of the Gallies*.

tion that I should pay for a guard. Money has been of great assistance to me, and I have dispersed it. But alas! why so much care and expense to reach what may be called the very dwelling-place of misery, where I am cast among a horde of felons? The first two days I was unable to eat or drink any of the provisions we are supplied with here, or to get the least sleep. At last, as I was in the expectation of death, and committing my soul into the hands of God, Mons. J—— came in, who informed me I was recommended to his attention by his friend G——. After this visit the fever left me. I do not value my life; I would relinquish it with pleasure, if it were the will of God; but the Lord works miracles to preserve it. Farewell, my dear friend. It is the Lord who has made these chains so heavy. Greet the brethren, and pray for me. My persecutors continue to speak of controversy and a change of religion. ‘How long, O Lord?’ ”

Immediately after their arrival at Marseilles, he and Mons. de Marolles were sent to the galley-slaves’ hospital, as sick men. In a letter from this place, of the 13th of September, he writes:—“ For several days past Mons. de Ma-

rolles and myself have been near each other ; our beds are adjoining, and we eat together ; and we find neither our bondage nor our frequent sicknesses prevent us from being cheerful."

From this place he writes to desire a friend to visit for him the wife of his illustrious companion in tribulation ; and to assure her it will give him the greatest pleasure imaginable to do her respected husband any service, " who," said he, " is one of the best and most enlightened Christians I know." It was, no doubt, a great comfort to both to find themselves brought together in that place of misery, and to be able to assist and strengthen each other. They were, however, both strictly forbidden to see the galley-slaves of " the religion," or even to send them anything. But the stay of these two holy men in that place was not to be long, for they were informed that as soon as they should become a little better, they would be separated ; " by which," said Mons. Le Febvre, " I shall be deprived of the conversation of this man of God, and shall suffer a great loss ;" and we cannot doubt but they converted their present retirement into a kind of paradise, in which they

enjoyed most holy and heavenly conversation.\* From this place, also, he writes on the subject of being forbidden to have any communications with the other prisoners:—"We are no longer permitted the exercise of piety and charity; we may no longer be sincere; but I still hope that an adorable Providence, who does all things with perfect wisdom, will bring good out of evil, and turn our darkness into light, when we return unto the Lord our God with our whole heart. Our sorrows are great indeed, but our sins are

\* They encouraged each other thus: Mons. de Marolles would say to his friend, "You express my opinion, my dear brother, when you say that we alone shall be the persons whom the king will not allow to feel the effects of his clemency. We are brought upon the stage in order to strike terror into the whole kingdom; and upon us must fall that vengeance which the king denounces upon those who do not acquiesce and submit to his command. But if we have had the misfortune to disobey our great monarch, let this be our comfort, that we did so from the indispensable necessity to which we were reduced. We have preferred the obedience which we owe to the divine, to that which we owe to human majesty. This is the laudable crime for which we suffer. Let us fix our eyes upon the glorious recompence which God reserves for us in heaven, for that very crime which the god of this world will never forgive us. Let us wait the will of the Lord, and be ever faithful to him."—*Life of Marolles.*

infinitely greater; and God must visit us with heavy stripes to detach our affections from the earth."

Such were the reflections he made upon his own condition, and upon the intelligence he had received respecting the *reformed* in general. Of certain individuals of his acquaintance he says, "Your letter informs me you have painful trials. May the Lord Jesus grant you consolation, and direct you by his Spirit how to act. May it please our Almighty Saviour to raise up those who are fallen, and to strengthen more and more those who yet stand."

While in the hospital he was very ill. "Relapse has followed relapse," he tells us, "and I have been at the point of death. The physician of the hospital has taken great care of me; and he was astonished to find that I uttered no complaint nor murmur in the midst of pain. I have been unable to walk these two days, and my strength is excessively wasted; but you must not conclude that we are in so miserable a condition as the world naturally think, and that we are so much to be pitied; for the testimony of a good conscience is alone sufficient to make us happy; and having this, nothing can deprive us of our joy in the midst of sufferings and ex-

treme pain; for the Divine Comforter, who cheers our hearts under every trial, comes to our relief, though sometimes he stands aloof, because we are of little faith; but God, who knows our sincerity, pities our weakness, preserves us, and holds us by the hand. Death, then, is not to us a king of terrors; for we are assured by Him who has loved us, that we shall obtain mercy and die the death of the righteous. What an advantage! What consolation! What solid happiness!

As soon as he became a little better, he was separated from his dear companion, and removed to the galley named *La grande réelle*, where he was kept only a few days, and was very ill.\* “We have been sent to the galleys,” he writes, “without the least regard to our being invalids, and without strength. Mons. de Marolles was just beginning to walk again, but I was unable to stand. The physician informed us it was not his wish that we should be removed, and that he was going to Mons. Bégon, the intendant of the galleys, to beg him to allow us to remain some time longer; but his visit was in vain. Mons. de Marolles has been reported

\* See Appendix, Note 2.

invalid and put on board the *St. Jean*, so that he is freed from the oar;\* but I wait for whatever it may please God to send me. I came on board yesterday, and was immediately loaded with chains. We are pitied. An officer observed to me that if we were here for our crimes, we might expect all sorts of indulgences. To all this, and my sufferings, I oppose the will of God. If poverty, sickness, pain, and imprisonment, are the means he is pleased to make use of to bring me to salvation, why should I refuse them? I shall die contented whenever it shall please God to call me. This is a fiery trial; but though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. I will hope in him all the days of my life. I am made to lie upon a board a little more than two feet wide, and am allowed no covering; but some of the slaves who are near me have compelled me to receive theirs; and if I were not tormented by vermin, with which the galleys swarm, I could sleep in quiet and profound slumber, notwithstanding the incessant din of the crew."

"When I was on board *La grande réelle*," he writes from another galley, "I was taken with

\* See Appendix, Note 3.



all the other prisoners to the place of distribution. In that galley, which never puts out to sea, the names and employments of all the slaves are again registered, from whatever place they may come ; and from time to time, as their number increases, they are taken on shore, with the exception of a few, who are treated with some respect, and conducted to a public place called the park, where the intendant, the commissary-general, the captains of the galleys and their officers, are in attendance ; and then the most robust and vigorous of those who are considered fit for rowers are selected, and the rest are returned to *La grande réelle*, until further orders. Choice being made of those who are in good health and strongly built, they are distributed to the armed galleys, each captain taking his share. But I was passed over, my ill looks being of some use to me upon this occasion. There was one captain, or commander of a squadron, however, who indulged in a little raillery upon me for a minute. Turning towards me, he said to his serjeant, ‘ You do not understand your business ; I will choose for myself ;’ and then inquired of Mons. Bonvalet and me, which of us two was the counsellor ; to which I answered, I was the counsellor, but

with so feeble and sorrowful a voice, that he immediately turned away."

The misery of his situation being known to some of his friends, they procured his removal to another galley, named *La Magnifique*, through the interest of a friend of the captain's, where they hoped his sufferings would be in some degree alleviated; and he was indeed in so much better circumstances there, owing to the charge the captain gave the officers about him, that he did not expect to be allowed to remain, on account of the ill-will the missionaries and chaplains bore him; for whom he prayed that the Lord would enlighten their minds, and shew them that in thinking to render God service they only fought against him. And so it happened; for, before two days had passed, he was more narrowly watched than ever; the liberty of seeing his friends, of writing to them, and receiving letters from them under his own address, was denied him; and he was not permitted to speak to his poor brethren in the galley; for he was now constantly fixed in the chain, and kept with greater strictness than can possibly be conceived.\*

\* Would it be difficult to fathom the mystery of all those changes? Was it not that when those blessed martyrs had

In this state of things, he was sent for by the bishop ; but on account of the ill state of his health, the conference was put off, as he states in a letter of the 14th October, 1686. He was taken another time before the bishop, when he was tempted, and strongly solicited to a change of religion, with an assurance of liberty.\* But this interview only served to confirm him in his faith, and his purpose of glorifying God by his sufferings, however long it might please him to continue them ; in which he happily persevered to the day of his death, ever shewing an extreme horror of the crime of apostasy, and an invincible resolution to be faithful to his God, whatever treatment he might receive.

An excellent letter he wrote in answer to one of his pastor's, before he was taken from the galley to be confined in the dungeon, must not

met with some sense of humanity where they were, and their virtue had procured them some compassion, then the zealous missionary, ever cruel, ever implacable, caused them to be removed elsewhere, that they might meet with barbarous officers, fit to do the work of executioners.—*Life of Marolles.*

\* The effects of these conferences were always to be dreaded, because they often served only to render their condition worse. Mons. Le Febvre was more rigorously handled after the disputes he had with the Bishop of Marseilles on the subject of religion.—*Life of Marolles.*

be omitted. "When you can no longer have your eye upon your flock, your heart watches over them ; and your care and anxieties extend to the meanest of your sheep. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and God of all grace, by whose inspiration you addressed to me such consolations and exhortations. I have, since that time, passed through many trials very terrible to the flesh ; and I ever found your counsels most salutary when I was most afflicted. I cannot, assuredly, doubt that your prayers drew down upon me those graces I stood in need of, to derive benefit from temptation. I pray God to fulfil, according to his riches in glory, all the desires of those who contrived to convey your letter to me. It was my intention, my dear pastor, to give you a minute account of all that has happened to me ; but certain reasons prevent. I shall therefore say but a few words upon my condition. I mentioned that I was watched and closely confined ; but that was nothing compared with what was to follow. I was put on board a galley, where I was dealt with in a far worse manner than before, being loaded with fetters and chains, more strictly watched and confined, made to sleep on a board

without covering in cold weather, overwhelmed with abuse, and threatened to be beaten with a bludgeon. Fever then seized me, and my whole body was racked with pain. 'In this low estate' my soul, rising above all terrestrial things, sought her God, her King, her only hope. According to the multitude of the sorrows we endure for him, so our Lord Jesus causes our consolations to abound. He removed all my fears, and said to my soul, 'I am thy Saviour.' In one galley, I received the assistance of men; in the other, I experienced the help of God. The Holy and Divine Spirit, whose essence is love, was himself my comforter. Who else could have given me what surpassed all my conception; could enable me to despise those things that I most dreaded? Great is the faithfulness of God! He is near those who wait upon him, to support and defend them, and preserve to them the possession of their salvation. He is the Mighty God, the Wonderful! He leads us through darkness into his marvellous light; and amidst the horrors of the galleys, he gives us to taste ineffable sweetness. With great truth I could say, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' In this state I passed several days, and found at the end that I could sleep well;

and nothing that I ate gave me any uneasiness. Here I stop. I have said enough to make you rejoice, and to excite you to redouble your prayers and supplications. I shall only add that I am weakness itself. I have fightings without and fears within. Often am I cast down; and my soul, filled with terror, faints and is dried up. God indeed never fails to console me, and to make perfect his strength in my weakness; for he is my only refuge, and many who enjoy his favour unite with me in prayer, for my perseverance in faith and love. Let me, then, entreat you, by the love you bear me, to pray without ceasing, not only for me, but also for my dear companions in affliction. We have everything to fear, both from ourselves and from those whose zeal is not according to God; who add craft to violence to compel us to forsake a religion on which our salvation depends, that we may go down alive into hell. Lord Jesus, who hast enabled us to keep the word of thy patience, as we are taught in thy word, keep us according to thy divine promises in the hour of temptation, and perfect that which thou hast begun. I will not leave thee until thou hast blessed me, until thou hast received my spirit. This is all my hope and my

trust. Here are several persons whose depositions are similar to mine. They are faithful followers of Christ, whose faith and hope are strong, and who are resolved to endure all things, even death itself, if it should be the will of the Lord, for the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ. Our aim is to reach the end of our race; the course is difficult; the way is rough; but our eyes are ever towards the Lord Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. We put all our confidence in Him who raiseth the dead, and calleth those things that are not as though they were. Offer unto God, in the land of blessings whither he has called you, the sweet-smelling sacrifice of contrite hearts and broken spirits, that he may lay aside his wrath; and on my part, I will pay him my vows for you, from the bottom of my heart, (*holocausta medullata*,) that he may fill you with all joy, and enrich you, more and more, with the graces of his Spirit; and that before you go hence, you may see all your sheep return to the sacred fold. Alas! though this is the object of my prayers, it is also often the cause of many tears and lamentations."

He was kept on board the galley only until August, 1687; so that he was there not quite a

year; but for what reason he was not suffered to be there longer, we have never been able to understand. Whether it was that he was considered an invalid, as Mons. de Marolles had been; (but if that were the case, they ought both to have been taken back to the hospital, where they were sent immediately after their arrival at Marseilles;) or to prevent them from having any communications with other galley-slaves, or even with the rest of the world; or to make them feel more acutely, if it were possible, rigours that were already calculated to overwhelm them; and thus force them to the change of religion that was proposed in vain, they were both thrown into solitary dungeons, in opposite parts of the town of Marseilles— . . . . Mons. Le Febvre in Fort St. Jean, at the entrance of the harbour, and Mons. de Marolles in Fort St. Nicholas;— . . . . which he said was done by an order which the bishop and the intendant had received from court. There they remained until their death—Mons. de Marolles until 17th June, 1692, when he committed his soul into the hands of his God; and Mons. Le Febvre until the night of the 13th or 14th June, 1702, ten years after his dear companion.



His description of the dungeon is:—"It is a vault of an irregular form, and was formerly a stable; but being very damp, it was found injurious to horses. The rack and manger are here still. There is no way of admitting light but by an opening with a double grating, in the upper part of the door. Opposite the opening, there are iron bars fastened at their upper ends into the wall. The place is very dark and damp. The air is noisome, and has a bad smell. Everything rots, and becomes mouldy. The wells and cisterns are above me. I have never seen a fire here, except the flame of the candle."

Upon entering the place, he was searched; and the only book he had left was taken away. The first two or three nights, he slept in a damp manger, and for more than a month on a short and very narrow chest, with two straw chairs, higher than the chest, to support his head and feet. Though lying in this uneven manner, and with no other covering than the day-clothes allowed by the king, he managed to rest with composure, except that his sleep was occasionally interrupted by cold, to which, however, he reconciled himself as well as he could. As his constitution was very weak, having been im-

paired by several dangerous disorders, and he was subject to acute spasms in the chest, it was impossible but he would suffer in so unhealthful a place. "These hardships," he tells us, "brought on severe pains in the loins, a fluxion of the gums, rheumatism, wandering pains, affecting chiefly the neck and shoulders, a continual humming in the ears, and, in the end, a fever." He sank into lethargy, and became little more than skin and bone. "But God," he observes, "employs this evil to wean my heart from the earth, and teach me to preserve a faithful resignation to his will."

He was now cut off from all connexion with the world. No one dared approach him, nor even look at the place of his confinement. His friends, therefore, could very seldom hear from him, and then only with excessive difficulty, and considerable expense, a great part of the money that was intended for himself and his companions, being made use of to pay the people who undertook the dangerous service of carrying letters; and it was so difficult to find a faithful messenger, that it appeared as though one must be raised up by God for that very purpose, to overlook the peril to which he would expose himself. It was sometimes a

whole year before a safe opportunity could be found.

A few days after he had been in this perfect solitude, a missionary named Guiraud, who had visited him before, but had declared he would not see him again until the day of the resurrection, came with another ecclesiastic, and after embracing him, entered into a controversy ; but he was soon entangled in his argument and strangely perplexed, and gained nothing but confusion by his visit.

“ You will feel for me in this misery,” said he to a dear relative, to whom he was describing his sad condition, “ but think of the eternal weight of glory which will follow. Death is nothing. Christ has vanquished the foe for me ; and when the fit time shall arrive, the Lord will give me strength to tear off the mask which that last enemy wears in great afflictions. ‘ Major est metus vitæ, quam mortis.’ The fear of living long is greater than that of dying soon ; yet it is more expedient to endure life than to desire death.” Can there be a finer thought ?

There were seasons when, his sufferings being most intense, and his body most enfeebled, he spoke as if he were in dying circumstances ; and in this belief, he said he asked forgiveness of all

whom he had offended through weakness, inadvertency, or otherwise. “ I declare before God that I forgive with my whole heart all those who have offended me in any way whatever. There is certainly no prospect of my life continuing much longer, unless the Lord touch with compassion the hearts of those who supply me with food—the provisions I am furnished with being full of all kinds of impurities ; or unless God operate upon my body and on the food, in a miraculous manner.” We find this complaint of the bad quality of the food in many of his letters ; which was made in answer to the requests of his friends to be informed very particularly of his state, that they might by some means get those evils remedied, or at least offer him some consolation under them ; and there is every reason to think, from his remarks on various occasions, and from the continuation of this bad treatment, which never ceased, notwithstanding all the remonstrances that were made, that it was done with the intention of hastening the end of this faithful servant of God ; who, by his perseverance, and the wonders of grace which God displayed in him, excited the rage of the enemies of the cross, like his illustrious companion, Mons. de Ma-

rolles, whose end was hastened by a similar treatment. "I have been cruelly persecuted," said he, in 1696, "for several years, by being served with putrescent food ; but the Lord sustains my feeble nature in a miraculous manner." Besides the pernicious food, he had to struggle with poverty, being often without clothes and linen. "It appears," he observes, "that I should have been without a shirt if God had not sent me two in an extraordinary way ; but I have never been able to discover to whom I am indebted for them ; and I immediately bent my knees before my God to thank him for so unexpected an assistance." These persons also contrived to get a bolster and other things carried in to him. At the same time it was proposed that he should make a present to the major of the citadel, to induce him to take more care of his prisoner ; but he declined, representing to those charitable persons who offered him their advice, that it would be a dangerous step to take, both for themselves and for him. Wretched as was his situation, this man of God said he was happy ! "God comforts and sustains me in a very sensible manner, giving me strength to bear my afflictions with joy, and with invincible patience and perseverance ; and were I to tell you that

I am sometimes so happy, and so contented, that I forget I have ever been in sorrow, I should tell you the truth." In this happy frame of mind, he used, in his spiritual exercises, to recite and sing the beginning of the 35th Psalm, "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them that fight against me," &c., and the 130th Psalm, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord," &c., which he said was very suitable to his case. He knew and felt that God had not forgotten him; and he added that, in his greatest misery, he did not omit to eat and drink, and lie down to rest, at regular seasons.

At one time, when he expected his end was near, having written to tell a friend not to rely too much upon his health, nor his life, one of his fellow-sufferers on board a galley wrote him a very consolatory letter on this subject, from which a few extracts shall be made:—"Take courage, my dear brother; if your dungeon is destined, in the wisdom of God, to be your tomb, he has prepared his glorious kingdom to receive your soul, while your body shall dwell in the dust for a little season. In your death you will find the beginning of true life, and you will die no more; and the sufferings

you endure in your body will only render your resurrection more glorious and triumphant. ....Our sorrows are the thorns which God plants in our flesh, to refine and purify us, as gold in the crucible, to take away our love of earthly enjoyments, and separate our affections from the world, lest we should perish with it.... But that we may do the will of God more devotedly, let us continually remember that we ought, according to his example, to forgive our enemies, from our very hearts, all the evils they inflict upon us, without the smallest resentment. Let us be touched with compassion for such poor blind creatures, and pray that the Eternal Father may not deal with them according to their sins; that he may not remember their iniquities to punish them; but that he may plunge them into the ocean of his grace, save them by his mercy, receive them into his covenant, and prepare them for the participation of a blessed immortality."

Our martyr's feelings responded fully to the spirit of these exhortations, as appears by a letter which he wrote to one of his relatives, to whom it had been remarked, that it was impossible but he must have given cause for the ill-usage he experienced, since no other

prisoner was subjected to such extreme rigour. "I call God and the holy angels to witness," he writes, "that it is only on account of religion that I am thus treated. In the sight of men, this is my great crime; but it is far different in the sight of God, who chastises me in mercy, and gives me to understand, by such merciful chastisement, that when he appears most severe, he is really most merciful. Far be it from me to murmur. I pray, without ceasing, that he would shew pity, not only to those who suffer, but also to those who are the cause of our sufferings. He who commanded us to love our enemies, produces in our hearts the love he has commanded. The world has long regarded us as tottering walls; but they do not see the Almighty hand by which we are upheld.

"No means are left untried to wear out my patience; and I have every reason to believe that the money which is remitted for me is not applied to my relief; for it does not come into my hands, and I do not know what becomes of it. One thing at least is certain, that when I entered my dungeon, the major informed me the king would not provision me, and that I must settle and regulate my own expenses." For this purpose, he



was allowed to draw bills of exchange upon his relations, but forbidden to inform them of the state of his health, or of his condition. "I did so; and agreed with an innkeeper to supply me with food for tenpence a day, which continued five months; and then I begged the major to let the expense be reduced to fivepence a day, as I wished to live consistently with my state;" and this continued only three months, because the innkeeper took dishonest advantages, and was favoured by the major; who, however, when complaints were made to him, pretended not to approve of the innkeeper's conduct in this matter. The major had also promised that he should be provided with a mattress and a blanket, his own mattress being rotten, and his blanket in rags; but his promise was never fulfilled. . . . "But how great soever my hardships may be," said he, "I am convinced it is far more expedient to endure life than desire death; unless, like St. Paul, we desire it that we may depart and be with Christ, and possess that plentitude of holiness and love which exists only in heaven." He then takes occasion to condemn the determination of Eusebius of Vercelli, who conceived the project of letting himself die of hunger, when he was

banished to Schitopolis by the Arians; and quotes the words of a poet,

“Rebus in adversis, facile est contemnere mortem;  
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse protest.”

“It is the design of God,” he adds, “to be glorified by my sufferings; and the longer they continue, and the more difficult they are to be borne, the more will he be glorified by them. ‘Undè esset magnum perseverare, nisi inter tentationes, et tribulationes esset perseverandum?’

“I am still pursued with incessant cruelty; every means of communication with the living, and even with the *dead*, being constantly denied me. No felon was ever made to undergo what I have had to suffer; but the Lord, who is my God, my protector, and my deliverer, has been my help. He has pitied my weakness, and given me such a measure of patience as I should never have ventured to hope for: to him be ascribed the glory in time and eternity.

“There is great glory in suffering for his cause. It is the highest way in which God can be glorified by man; and it is the greatest glory and honour that God can put upon man. I do

not refuse the honour he does me, by this means ; but I beseech him, by the bowels of his mercy, to work in me effectually, both to do and to suffer, according to the good pleasure of his will. Men make me suffer for God ; but He afflicts me in correction for my sins. He permits men to put me to pain, which is, doubtless, on account of my sin ; but it is, at the same time, for his own cause, and in righteousness. Hence it is, that he, who is ever just and ever faithful to his promises, takes part with me, and defends my cause. If he does not grant my prayers *ad voluntatem*, he will grant them *ad salutatem* ; and whether I live or die, I shall live to him, and to him I shall die."

Writing to Mademoiselle R——, he says, "I have now entered the tenth year of my captivity, (1696;) and by the mercy of God, I have not lost my spirit, nor my faith and patience, nor even my health entirely. O my dear cousin, the Lord has heard your prayers, and the prayers of the Moses and Samuels who intercede for me. He has pitied and spared my frailty ; and he will perfect that which concerneth me. If I were relieved from the burden of my sins, and could be free from secular thoughts, I

should be happy indeed ; incomparably more happy than I was in the world, though when I left it I was possessed of as much as I could reasonably wish for. But I confess, with grief and shame, that I am a man of little faith, and a grievous sinner. I desired my visible and temporal liberty with too much ardour and impatience."

In this year, the day before Christmas, a soldier, who had carried letters for him, was detected and hanged. The man declared he thought he was doing a good work, in promoting the comfort of a solitary being ; well knowing that the letters contained nothing wrong, and that neither Mons. Le Febvre nor his correspondents were in a condition to do any harm. From this time, he was so closely watched for more than two years, that no one could learn anything about him, except that he was still living. A sentinel, who was posted before the governor's gate, guarded the door of his prison at the same time. His food was brought by the sergeant of the guard, attended by two or three soldiers ; and as often as they went their rounds, they inquired of him what he was doing. His writings were all taken from him, with his books of devotion, several treatises and sermons,

and an abridgment of Monsieur de Placette's Moral Philosophy. Our version of the psalms was the only book left in his possession.

"In these severe trials," said he, "when the flesh was sinking under their weight, God granted me his help in so sensible a manner as to be visible, even to those who were about me. I have taken an opportunity, once or twice, to say to my persecutors, that they violate all the rights of nature against a man who has never given any cause of complaint, and whose innocence they well know; that all my trust is in God, and being called to suffer for him, I am of good courage, enduring everything in a strength which is not my own; that I am given into their hands for the purpose of suffering, and I shall not refuse to submit to death itself."

Monsieur Le Febvre had much at heart the edification and consolation of his afflicted brethren. He therefore carried on an affectionate correspondence with them, as opportunities were afforded; assisting them on all occasions with his counsel, and even reproving them for their faults, when he thought they required it. He was almost constantly employed in composing, for their use, pious meditations, prayers,

litanies, and sacred poetry. He wrote for them paraphrases on all the psalms, a translation of the imitation of Jesus Christ, by A. Kempis, and an excellent sermon on the necessity of tribulation, and the indispensable duty of enduring it. His pastor having composed a sermon on martyrdom by his desire, he copied and sent it to the galleys, and to Monsieur de Marolles; from whence it found its way to Geneva, where it was printed for distribution in the galleys and prisons; which circumstance was unknown to the author until he received a copy sometime afterwards.

The wisdom and enlightened piety which were bestowed on him so richly by the grace of God, will appear in the few detached portions of his reflections which follow. It must be observed that this holy man, notwithstanding all the gifts of faith and sanctification with which he was abundantly blessed, complained, almost at all times, much more of his infirmities and sins, than exterior evils, and bodily tortures; speaking of the latter only to satisfy importunate inquiries, and to express his gratitude to God for the patience he obtained to endure them; while his letters were filled with complaints unto God and man of his sins and spiritual weakness.

In speaking of his exclusion from all human society, he observes, "In the school of suffering, we learn to die to all earthly desires, to self, and to self-love. In solitude, the heart ascends to God, and holds communion with him by prayer, which is the refuge of the saint, and the consolation of the martyr. Here the faithful soul finds all that she can or ought to desire, Jesus, her comforter. Here, in proportion as the creature recedes, she rises in holy familiarity with her Creator."

Respecting the inward conflicts he experienced, he concludes that the devil, who rules the flesh and sin, in rage and despair at the loss of all his hopes by the perseverance of the saints, whom he has been unable to overcome by the severest torments he could invent, excites these conflicts within them, and, as it were, sets his whole army in array to corrupt their hearts and minds.

Yet his mind was always occupied with holy meditations on the mysteries of the gospel, and the means of salvation; and he spoke on these subjects with as much clearness and solidity as the most profound theologian, to the great surprise of those who were intimately acquainted with him, and knew that he had never turned

his thoughts to the study of theology. To those who expressed their astonishment at his acquirements, he said, "I neither studied nor learned those things I have written to you, until I became a galley-slave, a prisoner of the Lord Jesus, and his private scholar. I am not the only one who has learned to speak in chains and pray on the sea; my dear companions have received the same grace." Indeed, the letters of several of these confessors of Christ completely confirm his remark. They differed widely in condition and capacity, but the grace of the Holy Spirit set them on an equality in the knowledge of salvation; and God gave them such an insight into divine things as they never had before.

"It requires more strength and grace to fight against sin, than to resist unto blood. There are times when God suspends the influences of his Spirit upon me; when he takes away the sense of his love; which I regard, indeed, as a chastisement, but yet as an effect of his great love; for it compels me to implore the renewed communications of his Spirit; and I have no surer evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence, than the desire of more abundant grace. I am so great a sinner that I am justly chastised.



‘Blessed is the man whom thou chastisest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law, that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked.’

“God chastises me for the sole purpose of refining me and saving me through all the opposition of the world and hell. That Almighty hand which has begun the work will complete it. I stand to the earnest of the Spirit and the promises of God. Now, the uses that God intends I should draw from the suspensions of his sanctifying Spirit are:—1st. A continual call to amend and reform in myself whatever is displeasing to him. 2nd. Self-knowledge, or in stronger terms, a very lively sense of my utter nothingness in his sight. 3rd. A knowledge and sense of what he is to me, by a continual dependence on his help,—that is to say, that my want of him is extreme, and I should perish were he entirely to withdraw. Truly, God, even the Lord of heaven and earth, is not unconcerned about me, since he visits and comforts me in my affliction and pain, and upholds me of his goodness in the way he has marked out. 4th. It pleases God hereby to give me a higher estimation of his gifts and favours; and he is also pleased, by these means, to inspire me, on the

one hand, with contempt for a life so unsatisfactory and so full of crosses; and on the other, with a desire to depart unto my beloved country, where there is perfect peace and eternal rest, with pleasures for evermore. None but God can impart happiness. Our true felicity is in heaven; on earth none can be permanently established. We must desire to die if we would be happy in any degree; but to enter into perfect happiness, we must die in reality. It was long ago said by one, that he who lives in expectation of death easily despises the things of time." Surely, these were blessed suspensions which produced such sanctifying effects in our martyr's soul.

Under these impressions, he composed the following sweet and holy prayer, and sent it to his brethren on board the galleys, and to Mons. Neau, who was at that time in a dungeon. He tells us the ideas are Mons. de Placette's, whose book had been sent him, and whose thoughts and feelings pleased him so much that he endeavoured to adapt them to his own circumstances, and those of his companions:—

*" A prayer.*

" O my God, let thy will be done: smite me, wound me, put me into the furnace; but O

heal me, comfort me, stay with me, and uphold me by thy Spirit. Let thy small still voice speak within, and comfort my afflicted heart. Let thy face shine upon me, and dispel my sorrow; and I will suffer no day of my life to pass without adoring thy incomprehensible goodness, and declaring my gratitude with humblest thanksgivings. I place no dependence on my resolutions, my carefulness, nor any efforts of mine; but I expect all of grace, and of thy unmerited and merciful goodness. I beseech thee, with all humility and fervour, that it may please thee to banish entirely from my mind every object but thyself; and to suffer me to think of nothing but thy majesty, that I may fear thee; thy goodness, that I may love thee; thy truth, that I may believe it; and thy will, that I may submit to it. And in order that I may hope thou wilt favourably receive my adorations and acknowledgments, and hear my prayers in thy goodness; purify my mouth, my hands, and my heart, by the healing virtue of thy precious blood, and the effectual working of thy Spirit. I know there is no defilement which the merit of the one, and the influences of the other, cannot remove. Grant me, therefore, O my Saviour, this twofold help: blot out my past sins by the merit of thy sufferings, and correct my present

errors by the graces of thy Holy Spirit. May the holy fire of the Spirit inflame my heart, that it may be a whole burnt-offering well pleasing unto God; for I am utterly helpless. Redeemer of men, whose love is infinite, let me find in reading thy word, and meditating on its truths, instruction for my mind, strengthening for my faith, support for my hope, and a healing balm for all my sorrows. Cure me of that deep disrelish I have hitherto but too much felt for that heavenly and supernatural food. Cure me of that proneness of the flesh to do my own will, when I ought to have no will but thine. Grant me grace to take thy yoke upon me with sweet submission, bear it with joy, and never complain of its weight. Amen."

Here follow some expressions of his unwavering confidence in the God whom he worshipped: — "I hope for nothing but through the grace of God. I expect all I stand in need of from Jesus Christ, my Saviour, who will bring my flesh into subjection unto himself, and cure all the disorders of my soul. I have often said, with one I venerate, 'I should despair if I had not a great Physician.' It is my consolation that this great Physician has undertaken my cure. My faith and hope are

founded on his skill and love. He has never forsaken me. He sought me when I sought him not. He has engaged me in the defence of his truth, notwithstanding my timidity and resistance. Will he forsake me when I seek him, and sincerely desire to serve him, and fear nothing so much as fearing anything more than him? O no! This seeking, this desire, this filial fear, are the pledges of his love, and assurances of that protection which is the unfailing refuge of my soul. Those whom he has loved from the beginning, he will love until the end. What has he not done, and what is he not still doing for me; and where should I find one like unto him in heaven or in earth? He opens the ears of my mind, that I may hear his voice; when my feet are ready to slip, he holds me by the hand; when I fall, he lifts me up; he sustains me in weakness; he carries me in his arms when I faint, and disappoints the expectation of the wild beasts, who stand ready to devour me; for his purpose is to lead me to that city of which glorious things are spoken. But as those who are in Christ will not be without condemnation, unless they live not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; and as this sinful flesh, my most dangerous enemy, is not yet

wholly crucified with its affections and lusts ; I entreat you, my dear pastor, by him whose faithful servant you are, not to think so much of the sorrows that men occasion, or are capable of occasioning me, as of those evils which the prince of darkness and unclean spirits can work within me, and the dreadful havoc which sin has made in my soul.

“ God is ever in my heart, although I do not, at all times, equally feel his presence. If he vouchsafe his assistance, I can fearlessly go forward ; but without it I faint, and am like water poured out on the ground. God is stronger than all ; and none can pluck me out of his hand. I rest my hope on the unnumbered proofs he has given me of his kindness ; and the tender care which his adorable providence has been pleased to take of me, encourages me in the midst of all my fears. In the day when the mighty of the earth sat in judgment upon me, he stood forth to be my protector. When I was urged, on my trial, to seize the present moment to escape condemnation to the galleys, I answered the court that I could not act against the convictions of my conscience. Thus I was condemned by man, but justified before God.

But all this has tended to the edification of the church, and my own salvation; and I have learned by it that the life of my soul, its peace, and real felicity, consist in obeying the will of God, in depending solely on his infinite wisdom, and in preserving an inviolable allegiance to him. This is the blessed fruit I have derived from my sufferings; so that, from experience, I can say that the Christian's happiest seasons are, when, in deep affliction, he casts his whole care upon God. His sorrows are then the seals of his election, the sacred evidences of the protection of the Almighty."

On what he considered difficult points, he generally asked the opinion of others, especially of his pastor. He used first to offer his own sentiments, and then ask for explanations or advice; and he would reply to the answers that were given him, when he was of a different opinion, with much force and good sense; which drew from him many valuable letters.

St. Paul's thorn in the flesh was one of those subjects which he asked his pastor to elucidate; who, having noticed the different opinions of theologians, and the difficulty there is of coming to a conclusion in this inquiry, by which the most learned and prudent were induced to leave its

application undetermined, he replied, that he did not consider there was any presumption in coming to a decision on the point; that, in his opinion, the thorn in the flesh was no other than the impressions and suggestions of the flesh, of which Satan being the author, St. Paul calls them the “ messenger of Satan;” from which restless thorn God did not see fit to deliver his servant, it being exceedingly well adapted to prevent him from being lifted up above measure, through the abundance of the revelations which were given to him, and well calculated to fill him with profound humility, and the liveliest sense of his insignificance. This he accommodates to the condition of the faithful confessors of Christ, particularly to his own; saying, that as the honour of suffering for God was great, he permitted, in the midst of such glorious sufferings, fleshly concupiscence to arise in their minds, by the instigation of the devil; who, being unable to overthrow their faith, and triumph over their patience by the violence of persecution, endeavours to seduce and corrupt them by these earthly passions, with which, as their thorn, God permits a messenger of Satan to tempt them.

To those who consulted him on their spiritual state, their doubts and fears, and carried to



him their complaints of corruptions and infirmities, he gave all the instruction and consolation they desired, with judgment and in love; but at the same time he complained to them of his own state, which he said was far below their degree of faith and sanctification; thus admirably putting into practice the precept of St. Paul, "Let every one esteem others better than himself;" so that there was often between these disciples of Christ a strife of modesty and love, of honour and esteem, that was truly edifying. And when they returned him thanks, and praised him, as they thought it was their duty to do, he answered, that he desired only their prayers, and not their commendations; for he was unworthy of the praises they gave him. He held the same language to his pastor, who congratulated him on his patience and perseverance, and every virtue which shone forth from his dark dungeon. "My dear pastor," said he, "praises me; and I allow it, because I am persuaded he praises the gift of God in me, to encourage me, and with the design of St. Paul when he commended the Philippians, to the end it may increase my love towards Jesus Christ, my good shepherd, my Lord, and my God."

In the early part of the year 1698, the strict-

ness of the guard was sufficiently relaxed to permit a renewal of his secret correspondence. With great joy his friends and himself recommenced their epistolatory intercourse, but with still greater precautions than before, for it continued to be impracticable with those in the galleys. In a letter of the 3rd of May, in the same year, answering the remark that his restoration to the privilege, if it might be so called, was looked upon as a singular mercy, he observes, "What you say is most true. Accustomed as we are to severities, we regard the smallest indulgence as the greatest blessing; and not only so, but in our abodes of misery common afflictions have long passed with us for mercies; yet the liberty which God has now procured us is a real and vast favour, and is the more acceptable for my having felt the want of it extremely. Let us then, indeed, say, 'O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit;' but let us add with the poet, in the spirit of the holy Christianity which we by the grace of God profess—

'Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus : illius aram  
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.' "

While under that strict watch, and debarred

communication with any living being, except the man who brought him his food, and who, doubtless, was forbidden to acquaint him with anything that passed in the world, he could not learn whether or not peace had been concluded ; and in one of his first letters, he begged to be informed on this point, and especially whether the church of God had shared in that blessing, and received any mitigation of her afflictions, as he and his companions had ardently desired, and in some degree hoped. But being informed of the contrary, they all blessed God for leaving them still in their misery, and manifested perfect submission to his will.

He could not refrain, however, from bitterly lamenting the sad state of his brethren in the kingdom ; and he put up fervent prayers to God for their deliverance and perseverance. In speaking of those who trusted to toleration, and of the respect that was shewn to certain individuals, particularly to some of his acquaintance, who, he thought, had sunk into apathy in the matter, he says, “ Those who do not complain of their condition are only the more to be pitied. The happiest persons are those whose consciences cannot be at rest.” And concerning those who, in the torrent of persecution, had abjured

their religion, he said, with expressions of sorrow for their state, " I am persuaded that if those Christians who were overthrown by the floods and tempests in which we are involved, and as it were overwhelmed, were duly impressed with this eternal truth, ' Blessed are they who suffer for righteousness' sake,' and with this, That we shall be judged according to the known truths of God's word ; as our Lord Jesus tells us, in a manner calculated to move the hardest hearts : ' He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken shall judge him in the last day ;' if their hearts were affected, I say, with these truths, without doubt they would arise from their fall, and would fear neither life nor death, neither galleys nor dungeons !

" O why are they not undeceived !" said he, speaking of those who had signed the act of reunion, and complied in part with certain requisitions. " To reject the cross, is to reject him who was crucified. There is no middle course when our Lord puts us to the necessity of suffering for him. To decline it, to consult flesh and blood, is in fact, to renounce him." Taking this solemn view of the subject, he exhorts his relations and friends to forsake all things

for the kingdom of heaven, condemns their attachment to the world, and refutes all the reasons they advanced for their delay.

The protestant governments of Europe never ceased to manifest an ardent desire to procure some mitigation of the sufferings of the captives, if not their complete deliverance ; among whom the Swiss Cantons were distinguished for zeal in the cause of the oppressed, and for great beneficence in supplying their necessities ; and equal solicitude was shewn by many persons of distinction, particularly by Mons. Escher, Burgomaster of Zurich, and his family, who earnestly interceded with the French ministers in their favour, and relieved their wants with Christian benevolence. The sufferers did not forget to acknowledge the gratitude they owed to their generous benefactors. “ But,” says our martyr, “ instead of listening to the just representations of those venerable magistrates, our persecutors only took occasion to redouble our chains, and increase the severities of our imprisonment. The violence of the storm fell upon Mons. l’Ausonière, who had enjoyed a greater degree of liberty than others, and by whose skilful management our correspondence had been chiefly carried on. He has been thrown

into a dungeon, and deprived of all communication with human beings; where he continues by his faith, patience, and perseverance, to glorify God, and edify his brethren, and the whole church of Christ.

A copy of the letter which Mons. Escher wrote to these beloved servants of Christ having come into the possession of the writer of this narrative, it is due to the honour of that worthy magistrate to insert it in the memoir of the martyr by whose care it was preserved. Its perusal will gratify the Christian reader:—

“MY DEAR BRETHREN,

“I should be the most ungrateful of men, if, after the expressions of love and esteem, with which many of your letters are filled, for me, the most humble of your friends, and one so undeserving of your regard, I could be at all insensible to your affectionate remembrance. I should have endeavoured, some time ago, to acknowledge the kind attention you have shewn me; but I have waited in the hope of having some good news to tell you. I have laboured to obtain your deliverance. I have made use of my friends; and last week, being on a journey to Soleure, I repeated my earnest

entreaties to Mons. Amelot, the ambassador. But as I can get no positive answer, and am always sent away with the recommendation to make myself easy, for the business will be settled sooner than I may expect; and as, to my great regret, the hopes I had, till this time, conceived, are frustrated, I can no longer remain silent.

“Accept my most humble thanks, my dear brethren, for your kind remembrance of a person who is, indeed, a sharer of your sorrows, your sufferings, and your afflictions; who has hitherto made every effort to soften the rigours of the bondage with which you are so unjustly oppressed; but who does not, on that account, think himself entitled to the great encomiums in your letters. I am fully purposed, and feel myself bound, as a Christian and a brother of the same communion, still to seek to procure your release; but I must beg you to be less liberal of your thanks, and to believe that, though I have the honour to fill the first office of the Helvetic state, I confess myself to be a poor sinner, who am not to seek my happiness in the vanities of this world, but in humility and self-abasement.

“I have read your letters, my dear brethren, with attention and edification. I see that God

makes use of you as extraordinary instruments of his glory. I remark in you zeal for the house of God, unexampled piety, a perfect imitation of the glorious martyrs and confessors of the primitive church, unequalled steadfastness, indescribable patience, souls that are filled with spiritual comfort, and eyes that are enlightened with the vision of the Deity, even here below. By all these virtues, you triumph over your enemies, despise the evils they make you suffer, and bear patiently the reproach of the world, with the sole view of glorifying God's holy name. Go on, then, my beloved brethren, in this blessed resolution, since you see that God works such great things for you; and that he has called you to suffer for his great name's sake, in those vile places which are usually the receptacles of the dregs of the earth, who, without doubt, distress your pure minds by their wickedness. But take courage, my dear brethren, since you know that it is thus ordained by God; that all must work together for good to them that love him; that as all human things have an end, the God of all goodness has appointed an end to your sorrows, when he will recompense you with the reward of the righteous.



"I solicit for myself and my numerous family an interest in your prayers, for I know that, proceeding from the beloved servants of God, they will assuredly be heard and answered; and on my part, I shall always bear your afflictions in mind, in all my supplications, though mingled with so much infirmity.

"I have sent to Mons. M——, at Berne, forty pistoles, to be transmitted to you in the most convenient way. Please to accept this small sum, which is made up by myself and three of my sons; and be assured that it is offered in the sincerity of our hearts. We pray that you may continue to receive all divine consolations, and obtain a speedy deliverance from your bondage; and we rejoice in every opportunity of rendering you service; especially myself, who am truly,

"My beloved brethren,

"Your very humble and devoted servant,

"HENRY ESCHER."

As little success attended the exertions of the other sovereigns and honourable persons who interceded in their behalf. It is well known with what indefatigable pains the wise and pious Queen of Denmark, the illustrious Prince

of that house, His Excellency Mr. Mayercroon, the Danish ambassador to the court of France, and his lady, supplicated the French ministers for some kind of justice or favour for them; but so far from these intercessions being of any use, they were made the occasion of severer toils and greater miseries; for the very charity of foreign potentates was imputed to the prisoners as a crime; and they were accused of holding secret correspondence with foreign countries. Mrs. Mayercroon, whom the writer had the honour to see, as she passed through the United Provinces, declared, with grief, that His Excellency pleaded for them in vain; and that he had been informed the king thought it strange that foreigners should interfere in the affairs of his subjects. Mons. Le Febvre's brother, also, who went to Copenhagen to petition the court of Denmark to interpose for them; and had induced some influential persons to endeavour to engage in their cause Mons. de Bonrepaux, the French ambassador to that court, in the hope that something might be effected through his mediation; finding, after a long time, that every effort was unavailing, was compelled to relinquish his pursuit, and return to the post which the providence of God had

assigned him at Halle, in Saxony. Our blessed martyr hearing of his attempt, wrote several times to him, as well as to his friends at Paris, strongly objecting to any more petitions being presented to men in power; because it was seen and felt that such applications only brought on an increase of misery. So little disposed was the court of France to remit, in the smallest degree, the severity of their slavery, that it was with the utmost difficulty the ambassadors of England and the United Provinces could obtain the release of those galley-slaves who were to be given up by the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, as prisoners of war, on account of their being French protestants; for which reason they had been unjustly condemned to the galleys or prisons. Though the English ministers declared they laid claim to none but those who were ascertained to come within the conditions of the treaty of peace, they had many artifices to defeat, and many repulses to submit to, before they could obtain their just demands. And even at the present time, so far is the cruelty of their tyrants from being satiated by all the tortures they have inflicted, that it has arisen with fresh vigour, and invented new methods of aggravating the sorrows of their captives.

We must not pass on without giving some account of the friends with whom our martyr corresponded most, and to whom he was most attached. His love and benevolence, without doubt, extended to all the prisoners of Christ. He often wrote to them all, without an exception; and often desired the friendship, the prayers, and the consolations of all; and whenever he learned that any grievous calamity, or more than usual affliction, or an increase of cruelty, had happened to any of them, he never failed to shew his compassion as soon as possible, and to offer all the consolation in his power; which he did with such an outpouring of his heart as proved how tenderly he felt for them in their troubles. But there were some for whom he entertained a more particular regard. Among these was Mons. de Marolles. For him he ever felt the deepest solicitude; and his friendship he very highly valued and cultivated, until the death of that champion of the truth.

Mons. Louis de Marolles was born about the year 1629, of an ancient family in Champagne. He lived at St. Ménehoult, where he held the office of king's counsellor. He was of a sweet and easy temper, lively and agreeable in conversation, and beloved by all who knew him.

His judgment was sound, his mind penetrating ; and he was capable of intense application. Next to the bible, his studies were directed to the mathematics, natural philosophy, and medicine. If he had loved the world, he might have appeared among the learned with great distinction ; but he was contented to lead a quiet life ; and made it his chief business to instruct himself in religion, and advance in piety. He suffered everything that could shock human nature ; but he sustained it like a house built upon a rock, which the storms and floods could not overthrow. He seemed to be bound to the world by the strongest ties of flesh and blood,—he had an estate, he had a wife and four children, whom he loved tenderly. How often were the advantages of the world set before him, with flattering promises, to triumph over his fidelity ! His steadfastness was free from obstinacy, being founded on the knowledge of the truth. He always gave a reason of his hope with humility ; which none of the reverend doctors who engaged in controversy with him can deny.

When he saw he could no longer stay in France with liberty of conscience, he endeavoured to go out of the country ; but God, who called him to

glorify his name, and carry along with his chains the good odour of the reformation, even to the prætorium, suffered him to be stopped with his whole family on Sunday, the 2nd of December, 1685, upon the territories of France, two leagues on this side the Rhine. They were all conveyed to one of the prisons of Strasbourg, and afterwards to Châlons, his wife and children being then set at liberty. From thence he was sent to the *Conciergerie* at Paris; and at last to *Les Tournelles*,\* where he was kept until the chain was ready to be sent away. His wife, under the greatest affliction that can be imagined, visited him as often as she could, and put her hands through the grate, to wash the wounds which the chain had made upon him with water in which musquet balls had been steeped.

Many were the conferences he had to sustain with priests, jesuits, and bishops, while he was in those prisons; but in all he maintained wonderful presence and freedom of mind, and discovered his knowledge and the solid foundations of his faith.

\* *Les Tournelles* was a palace in Henri II.'s time, but afterwards used as a dépôt for felons, until the departure of the chain.

“ While I was in the *Conciergerie*,” he writes, “ one of my friends, tutor to the children of the King, and Madame Montespan, came with his Majesty’s permission to see me. He proposed that I should go, for eight or ten months, to the Bishop of Meaux (Bossuet) to be instructed.\* I returned him thanks, and assured him it was not in the power of time to change my light and knowledge, and that I was persuaded the Bishop of Meaux could not satisfy me any more than the other bishops whom I had seen.” The attack was renewed with greater force in *Les Tournelles*, by proposing an unlimited time, and immediate release from the chain. How great and dangerous was the temptation! He is in chains, and has a prospect of a dreadful futurity. He is solicited, not only by his own flesh, but also by the sight of his afflicted wife, and fatherless children, whom he leaves in the midst of tribulation. The proposal seems to bind him to nothing of importance. He might even flatter himself that a door would be opened for his deliverance without complying with the king’s orders. But his soul, faithful to his God, filled

\* As things then stood in France, to talk of being instructed was tacitly to make an engagement to renounce one’s religion.

with holy resolutions, considers it a crime to accept an offer from which might be drawn the least consequence prejudicial to the certainty of his faith. He is in the presence of his enemies; the combat is begun; he is resolved to win the victory, and will not so much as hear of a return to his tent. He tramples the world under his feet, and will not allow the enemy time to recover fresh strength.

This great man knew how to distinguish between the reasons which may engage us to seek further instruction, and those secret motives of the heart which are not to be listened to. When reasons arise of themselves for doubts and scruples about the faith, a man is necessarily and indispensably obliged to seek instruction and information. This is a debt which he owes to himself. But when he enjoys a full persuasion of the truth of his faith, especially by its opposition to a doctrine whose false foundations he knows; and the motive which puts him upon seeking instruction proceeds from a heart desirous of freeing itself from those afflictions which are occasioned by its religion; this cannot be acceptable to God, nor procure his blessing: it is a crime; it is tempting God.

The chain departed from Paris for Châlons



on the 20th of July. He had dreaded the separation from his wife ; but, broken-hearted, and bowed down with affliction, she could not be present at the sorrowful departure ; thus he was mercifully spared a heart-rending farewell.

He had not above the breadth of a quay to cross to enter the boat. In those few steps he had to take, he met his children, who cast themselves upon his neck, and embraced him. It is easy to believe that a person who had attracted so much notice at Paris would draw a great concourse of people. Every one seemed touched with his misery ; and an aged Roman-catholic merchant, breaking through the throng, embraced, and encouraged him, offering him his purse. This man has since given glory to God, and is gone with his family to London, there to make a profession of the truth.

At Châlons, he met with Mons. Le Febvre, and travelled from thence with him in the chain to Marseilles, where they were together in the hospital. “ When we were taken from the hospital to be sent to the galleys,” says Mons. Le Febvre, “ he embraced me, and bid me farewell ; but I said, We shall not be finally separated ; we shall see each other again. And,

indeed, we are not separated, but are more united than ever; and we shall surely meet again in heaven, at the great day of the Lord our God." From the galleys he was carried to the dungeon, soon after he had held several conferences at the Bishop of Marseilles'. He had expressed his apprehensions of some evil consequence from these interviews; though the civilities of the bishop seemed at one time to remove his fears; but six weeks afterwards, he was shut up in the citadel of Marseilles, in a dungeon purposely prepared for him. We see enough in a letter to his wife of the 6th December, 1691, to make us, on the one hand, groan with horror at the condition to which this holy and amiable man was reduced, and on the other, admire his patience and confidence in God.

"It is not above two hours ago, my dear heart, since I received a letter which gives me more sorrow than joy. I received it when I was offering up my evening sacrifice to God on the sabbath-day. You think that I conceal from you the condition and place in which I am; but I have much more reason to believe that you hide yours from me: and I know that my conclusion is but too just, by what you confess to me. I grieve that you make me the cause of

your illness. If it is I who put the sword to your heart, then do I very innocently stab myself. My heart is too deeply engaged to you not to be sensibly affected with the calamity you suffer. Be not disturbed at this new cross which God lays upon me by your means. Do not fear it will injure my health; I will bear it like a Christian, even with the submission I owe to the commands of my God and Father, who is full of tenderness and compassion towards me. Imitate me in this, my dear and well-beloved widow, and not in the many failings you have known in me. Love me tenderly, as you have always done; but let this love, which I desire from you, be ever regulated by divine love, as mine for you is never separated from it. Although I have great reason to bless God for you, and do daily pour out my soul in praises to him for the singular favour he has done me in uniting me to so Christian a wife, (for you have contributed very much to the moderation of my sufferings, by saving yourself and our dear family from the deluge of this age,) yet I always feared you did not receive with submission enough the affliction by which it pleases God to prove us. Let us imitate Eli, and say with him in all our afflictions, ‘It is the Lord; let

him do what seemeth him good.' What reason have you to fear that any evil should befall me? Do you question the omnipotence of God? Ought you to imagine that God would desert me at last, after several years' miraculous preservation of me, though I should lose my life to preserve the fidelity which I owe my Saviour. Do not think this is the way to lose it. 'He,' we are told by Jesus Christ, 'who will save his life shall lose it; but he that will lose his life for my sake shall save it.' Remember, in order to give you more confidence in the goodness of God, that 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' . . . . I must now satisfy your curiosity; and may the Lord grant that no inconvenience may happen through it. But I desire beforehand, that you will not make it a subject of affliction; but take occasion to bless God. The place I am in served formerly for a lodging for soldiers; but there has been so much alteration made in it, that it is not now light enough in the day time to prevent me from running against the walls. I did not expect I could live here four months. This is the fourth winter I have spent in this place almost without fire; in the first of these four I had none at all; in the

second only for about a month; in the third only a fortnight; and this winter I have seen none yet, and I shall not ask for any. The major has money of mine, but will give me none of it. I have felt cold, hunger, and nakedness sensibly; but all this, I thank God, is gone by. . . . . The major at length undertook to feed me himself, which he did very well at first, but afterwards ceased to do so. He opens my dungeon but once a day; and he has several times sent my dinner at nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night. At one time, I did not receive any bread from him for the space of three days; and at other times, it was given me only twice in twenty-four hours. . . . . For almost a year I was without linen. My clothes were more torn and ragged than those of the poorest beggars who stand at the church doors. I went bare-foot until the 15th December. But a charitable person came to see me, and he solicited so well that he procured for me a whole galley-slave's suit; and besides this, an immense advantage, a lamp full of oil every day, which gives me light six, seven, or eight hours, so that I can now read the holy scriptures more than I did before. And I have also had food enough the last three months, and with regularity. After

this comfortable news, I conjure you to think no more of the past, but to praise God, and attend to your health."

In a letter of the 24th of March, 1692, he acquaints his wife with what, he says, was the only trouble that had really afflicted him; during the whole time of his captivity. "The Christian manner in which, my dear wife, you received the account of my sufferings induces me to hide no part of my troubles from you. All that you yet know is very little in comparison of what I am going to tell you. I know very well that I cannot do what I propose, without making an open confession of my infirmities, and the narrowness of my mind; but I have always been sincere, and will continue so to the end. I shall not attempt to make myself pass for anything more than a man of very common endowments. When I was taken out of the galley, and brought hither, I found the change very agreeable at first. My ears were no longer offended with the horrid and blasphemous sounds with which those places continually echo. I had liberty to sing the praises of God at all times, and could prostrate myself before him as often as I pleased. Besides, I was released from that uneasy chain, which was far more troublesome to me than

the one of thirty pounds weight which you saw me wear. But the Lord, who was pleased to make me experience his succour in a surprising manner, suffered me to fall into a terrible trial. The solitude and perpetual darkness in which I spent my days presented my narrow mind with such frightful and terrifying ideas, that they made a very fatal impression upon me. My imagination was filled with a thousand false and vain things, which frequently carried it away into delirium and idle phantoms, which lasted sometimes two whole hours. My prayers were no remedy against this calamity. God was pleased to continue it several months; and I was plunged into a profound abyss of affliction; for, when I considered this melancholy condition, in connexion with my want of sleep, I concluded that I was fast proceeding to a state of insanity, and that I should never escape falling into it. I incessantly implored the help of my God. I begged that he would never suffer my enemies to triumph over me, nor let my sufferings end in so sorrowful a manner. At length, after many prayers, sighs, and tears, the God of my deliverance heard my petitions, commanded a perfect calm, and dissipated all those illusions which so troubled my

soul. After the Lord has delivered me out of so sore a trial, never have any doubt, my dear wife, that he will deliver me out of all others. Do not therefore disquiet yourself any more about me. Hope always in the goodness of God; and your hope shall not be in vain. I ought not, in my opinion, to pass by unnoticed a considerable circumstance which tends to the glory of God. The duration of so great a temptation was, in my opinion, the proper time for the Old Serpent to endeavour to cast me into rebellion and infidelity; but God always kept him in so profound a silence that he never once offered to infest me with any of his pernicious counsels; and I never felt the least inclination to revolt. Ever since those sorrowful days, God has continually filled my heart with joy. I possess my soul in patience. He makes the days of my affliction speedily pass away: I have no sooner begun them than I find myself at the end. With the bread and water of affliction, he affords me continually most delicious repasts." This was his last letter. He resigned his spirit into the hands of his Father on the 17th June, 1692.

"I cannot," says a confessor of the faith on board the galleys, "give you an exact account of



his last hours, nor his last words; but I will tell you in a few words what is known. You know they kept him on bread and water, and that he was sometimes two days and two nights without any food at all; this austerity brought him very low, and threw him into vertigoes; so that, about two months ago, he fell, and dashed his head against the wall; and after that, his life was but a living death. Those who had the care of him were totally insensible of his sufferings, except that for a few weeks past they gave him a little better food and a rather larger quantity; but his body was so weakened that he could not recover his strength. He had almost lost his sight for a month before his death; so that he could not read your last letter, nor return any answer. I must tell you, for your consolation, that from the time they saw this dear martyr begin to decay, he was visited by doctors of the contrary communion; but he was not moved by their visits. He heard patiently that which he rejected, and did not return railing for railing. He blest his enemies to the last. His glory will never be extinguished in heaven nor on earth!"

The cordials of divine comfort must have been very strong to support him under the load of his chains, and in circumstances so appalling;

and it appears, through the whole of his history, that his consolations exceedingly abounded. But there is one passage in his life, and that one of the darkest, which, more than any other, sets forth their supporting power. On his first going to *Les Tournelles*, he expressed himself thus: "I find something here more agreeable than the dungeon I have left, and something more grievous; but we must submit to all." This expression was not understood, until it was explained by what that eminent mathematician Mons. de Moivre related, who visited him five or six times in his confinement. That gentleman said that, although he always found him with a chain about his neck, in a place the most loathsome, and in company the most horrid, his countenance was always lit up with a smile, and radiant with inward delight, such as indicated much more than serenity of mind—even a heavenly joy; so that he must have meant that, while the discordant sounds of oaths and execrations from his abandoned company, which assailed his sanctified ears, were far more *grievous* to him than the horrors of a solitary dungeon; he possessed that within which more than compensated, and was entirely *agreeable* to

his holy soul. Thus understood, how edifying is this period of his sufferings!

Pierre Mauru, who also died a galley-slave, and triumphed gloriously in his life and death over all the fury of men and Satan, was one of his most intimate friends. Sufficient materials have not been obtained to write his history; but the church of God ought to be made acquainted with the conflicts and the victories of one of the most exemplary martyrs that ever lived, for faith, for patience, for humility, for charity, and every grace that can adorn the Christian character. He was the grandson of a butcher at Loysi, in Brie, whose family was of some respectability. As he was attempting to leave the kingdom, he was arrested in Burgundy, and committed to the prison of Bésançon, where he was brought into Mons. Le Febvre's company. Here began that friendship on which our martyr congratulates himself whenever he has occasion to speak of Mauru. Here they comforted and exhorted one another to faithfulness, and perseverance in the confession of the name of Christ, through all the woes that men might inflict. Mons. Le Febvre thus speaks of him:—"I saw how little he valued

the money that was taken from him, and what joy he felt when he was condemned to the galleys. On the road to Marseilles he was coupled with Philip Le Boucher, who also was one of the holiest followers of Christ I know; and, as this poor man was unable to carry his portion of the chain, and would therefore inevitably be beaten with a bludgeon, Mauru, being a stronger man, lifted the collar above Le Boucher's head, and bore it on his own head and shoulders; and contrived, by means of a branch of a tree, almost entirely to relieve his companion, while he toiled under the double burden himself, during the heat of the dog-days. When he came to the galleys, the slaves, Roman catholics as well as protestants, observed and admired his patience under the longest and most horrid punishments the vilest criminal was ever made to undergo.

“The patience of that saint is beyond all conception. In him is displayed the greatness of the riches of the grace of God. How he has been able to bear what he has suffered, and what he is still suffering, without dying, is incomprehensible. His body is covered with wounds, and he has been at the point of death seven or eight times. Yet he has been sent out in every cruise, and at this moment he is employed in



the works, covered with perspiration and blood. He is an extraordinary example of piety, of humility, and of steadfastness,—a pattern of faith and love. In my conscience, I think there is not a greater saint upon earth.” Indeed, there is scarcely a letter in which Mons. Le Febvre does not speak of the esteem, the love, and the admiration he had for that eminent Christian.

Pierre Mauru was distinguished from the other confessors in the galleys by a more rigorous treatment, which began from the day he was sent on board, and continued, almost without intermission, until his death; except when he was reduced to extremities, and appeared to be dying. His tormentors then allowed him to recover strength; but it was only for an opportunity to renew their tortures. His youth, no doubt, enabled him to bear a great deal, for he was but thirty years of age when he was condemned; but that wonderful strength which sustained him through all the toils and punishments with which his patience was so long and so severely tried, was communicated by the grace of God. This will be made evident by his letters, and the account of his death, as reported by a Roman catholic who was on board the galley, and was with him

when he died. The following extracts are from a letter of his to our martyr, which he desired might be conveyed to his pastor, for the information of his relations. The original, Mons. Le Febvre preserved as a precious relic. "Some parts of this letter," he observes, "may appear to you to be feeble ; but there are many so affecting and so well touched that one cannot read them without emotion."

"You are so constantly present to my mind, my very dear and much honoured brother, that not an hour passes without my thinking of you, and lifting up my heart to God to supplicate for you, as well as myself, all that grace we need to finish our course in his fear and love ; and to beseech him to grant you, and all our dear brethren in bonds for his name's sake, strength to be faithful unto death, that we may receive the crown of life from his gracious hand, according to his promise. It appears to me that I have not been so much watched for some time past as I used to be, and that I am allowed a little more liberty than formerly, in the hope, no doubt, of taking me by surprise, as they have done before ; but these surprisals have been to no purpose, by the mercy of God ; for when any letters that I have written had been found upon

me, they have only proved more clearly the uprightness of my heart, and the truth of the profession we make before God and man ; and when any of my friends' letters have been discovered, they have only shewn my friends and relations to be actuated by the same spirit. In one of them, a cousin of mine, a man full of the love of God, and zeal for his glory, exhorted me to perseverance ; and being himself jealous with a holy jealousy, declared he could not but envy my happiness, since God had so highly favoured me with the gifts of his grace. Upon reading this, the captain told me to answer my cousin, and inform him he was quite welcome to come here, and he should be placed in similar circumstances.

“ I have profited by your excellent instructions, my very dear brother ; and I call to remembrance daily the battle you fought so valiantly, when you repulsed your adversaries with the spiritual weapons with which God had armed you by his heavenly grace. I am never so well pleased as when I see truth victorious, and superstition and lying vanities put to confusion. You wish me to relate to you all I have passed through ; but, my very dear brother, I am unable to do so, as it would take too much time ;

besides, all these things are nothing in comparison of the inheritance that is reserved in heaven for those who shall be counted worthy of eternal life. You ask me to tell you how many blows of the cudgel and the hoop I have received, but that is out of my power. Sometimes I have had forty or more at a time ; and these have been repeated eight or ten days in succession. I have seldom had less than twenty at a time. But I must tell you, that though these stripes are painful, the joy of suffering for Christ gives ease to every wound ; and when, after we have suffered for him, the consolations of Christ abound in us by the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, they are a heavenly balm, which heals all our sorrows, and even imparts such perfect health to our souls that we can despise every other thing. In short, when we belong to God, nothing can pluck us out of his hand. But, my very dear brother, those good things you speak of in your note are wrought in me purely by the grace of God, who, in his mercy, has vouchsafed me his help in the time of need ; and not me only, but also all those who heartily desire to be employed in his service. . . . But, my very dear brother, if you had seen the whole course of my life, and had observed the unprofitable works of



darkness of which it was composed, the horror you would have felt of all the sin and vice that reigned in me, would perhaps have prevented you from seeing those things you now extol. When I reflect upon my past life, and set before my mind those mountains of iniquity, I am filled with confusion. Such being my guilty state, and my heart being broken with grief at the awful spectacle of the righteous anger of God smoking against his people, and of fresh acts of cruelty committed every day, I fell down trembling and weeping before God, to confess my iniquities, and implore his forgiveness; desiring by the help of his grace, to consecrate the remainder of my life to his service, to glorify him, and to suffer for the truth, rather than to fall into those fatal snares into which the world, the flesh, and the evil-spirit, had drawn so many by deceit, by infirmity, by fear, or by pride. The Father of Mercies, in his infinite goodness, heard my prayers, and filled my soul with the consolations of his Spirit. He has granted me his divine succour in all my weakness, and the assurance that he will sustain me until the last moment of my life. I find some difficulty in giving you such a description of my trials as you desire, because, coming

from myself, some things may appear as though I had turned them to advantage, and I may seem to commend myself, or to seek the praise of others. But, my much honoured friend, I know that of myself I can do nothing; so that if there is any glory or praise, God alone is the author of it, and to him it must be wholly ascribed; for I am weakness itself, a mere nothing, and God has manifested his power in my weakness. You know, when we were in the prison together, how distrustful I was of myself, and how fearful of falling in the conflict with the flesh, that enemy of the cross, or of being overcome by the world, that other great enemy of our salvation, if I should resolve to return to the affairs of this life. But, at length, I felt the influences of the Spirit of Christ, who by his grace was become the sole object of my love and desires; and I said to you that I would rather be your companion in bearing the reproach of Christ, than risk a return to the world, when I might have taken my choice, and be again immersed in the concerns of time.

“ But I must comply with your request; and in answering your inquiries, I shall speak of those things that are known to every one in the vessel. As soon as I was brought on board, the

captain, who makes particular inquiries into everything, wished to know why I was committed to the galleys. As soon as he understood the reason, he sent for the chaplain, and had me thoroughly searched for books and writings. After that, he frequently sent priests to urge me to change my religion, and gave orders that no other persons should be permitted to speak to me. He took occasion, from a letter which he had allowed to be given me, to remove me from my bench; and I was first put on the bench called *la douje*, where one man was set to watch, and another to abuse me, and order me to do useless work. However, as he soon grew tired of insulting me, and found that I uttered no complaints, he let me alone; and some time after, he even assisted me with materials for writing. When it was known that he had ceased to annoy me, I was removed to another bench, and another party was set to abuse me, but they also soon became my friends; and as this happened at every change, it was found necessary to remove me frequently. At length, seeing they had not succeeded to their wishes, and were not likely to gain their end in that way, they adopted a new plan.

“An under-serjeant of the galley, who was

ingenious in wickedness, now came forward, and offered to take the management of me, boasting that he understood the business better than the missionaries, and would do more than all of them. So, full power being given him to do whatever he liked, except putting me to death, he every day invented new ways of tormenting me. At one time, he would make me carry water to all the benches of the galley, at another, he would accuse me of having spoken to some one, or of having received a letter, (though he knew well the contrary, having searched me, and taken away all my money and everything that could be useful,) for the purpose of finding an excuse to beat me. After this, he fastened a heavy chain around my body, and sent me to tap water-barrels; and one of these having fallen and being broken, he had me so unmercifully beaten by the man he had set over me, that those who saw it declared they would take him to the major and get him put to the chain, so that he was afraid to come again. In the next place, he ordered me to do what you know they call *the squalls*, by myself, in all the quarters of the vessel; and for a few stains he observed, he had me several times beaten by the under-officer. These two men strove to get me abused by the criminals, to wear out my

patience. But when they saw the firmness it had pleased God to give me by his grace, they sent away all the felons from the bench where I was, and filled up their places with the most wicked of the Turks and Moors they could select, counting upon my receiving from them all the abuse they could desire. But, contrary to their expectations, these men, uncivilized as they were, shewed more humanity towards me than the others. They then gave me iron bars to brighten; and finding some rusty places that could not be made bright, they loaded me with blows. Thinking to vex me more seriously, they withheld my allowance of bread for breakfast, for several days, keeping me fasting until one or two o'clock, and then cut it into small pieces, to prevent me from selling it. Another contrivance was, to fatigue me by coupling me with another in carrying cordage, or by setting me to make ropes with a gang who had promised to work me to death. But God had fortified me to bear it all with spirit, with patience, and even with joy, counting myself happy to suffer all these things for the love of my Saviour. Those who had intended to drive me to extremities entreated me, before the day was ended, to work slower, though in the morning they had boasted of being able to bear me

down, thinking I was by no means their equal in strength.

At length, a favourable day presented itself as we were making a tent, when I broke two needles, and having no money to buy more, the under-officer beat me a long time. The captain coming upon deck at that moment, and inquiring what was the matter, I begged to be allowed to speak to him. He listened to what I had to say, and put a stop to the severities, pretending not to know what had passed before, although I am sure he was well acquainted with the whole of it. He gave orders that I should be no longer so treated, and that my money should be returned, to the great joy of the man who boasted of being able to force me to change my religion; for I am certain he was more weary of tormenting, than I was of bearing it.

“If my body was tortured during the day, my soul rejoiced exceedingly in God my Saviour, both day and night. At this period especially, my soul was fed with hidden manna, and I tasted of that joy which the world knows not of; and daily, with the holy apostles, my heart leaped with joy that I was counted worthy to suffer for my Saviour’s sake, who poured such consolations into my soul that I was filled with

holy transport, and, as it were, carried out of myself.

“ But this season of quiet was of short duration ; for soon afterwards the galley was furnished with oars to exercise the new-comers ; and then these inexorable haters of our blessed religion took the opportunity to beat me as often as they pleased, telling me it was in my power to avoid these torments. But when they held this language, my Saviour revealed to my soul the agonies he suffered to purchase my salvation, and that it became me thus to suffer with him. After this, we were ordered to sea, when the excessive toil of rowing, and the blows I received, often brought me to the brink of the grave. Whenever the chaplain saw me sinking with fatigue, he beset me with temptations ; but my soul was bound for the heavenly shore, and he gained nothing from my answers. At the close of this painful voyage, I fell into a dangerous illness,\* and for the space of a month

\* During sickness the king allows one pound of fresh meat to every man ; but through the knavery of the steward, who makes his fortune in five or six expeditions, the broth, which I once had the curiosity to taste, is little better than hot water. These wretched beings often refuse the water, made only more loathsome by the small quantity of meat, and the little care used about it.— *Bion's Account of the Sufferings of the French Protestants on board the Gallies.*

could take nothing but broth, of the sort you well know. On the eleventh day after I was seized with this sickness, I was carried to the hospital, where for three weeks my death was daily expected. But (which was very astonishing), though I was unable to stir, I felt no illness; and whatever the broth might be, I never relished anything so much. Every morning I said to myself,—This will be the day of my release. I have no more sufferings to undergo. I am about to enter into my everlasting rest. I was dead to all external things. My soul longed to stretch her wings towards heaven, transported with the thought of immediate bliss. But God did not see fit to take me so soon to my eternal home. He raised me up from this sickness. When my health was in some degree restored, our dear friend, Philip Le Boucher, was brought to the hospital. He was very ill, and I had not strength to walk. We rose to meet each other, and should both have fallen, if some persons had not run to our assistance. We were overjoyed to see each other; but I cannot repeat the conversation we had the fortnight we were together. I left him extremely ill. The very day on which I was sent back to the galley, the fever returned upon me,



and I continued sick from a few days before Christmas until Easter. Everything was done that could be devised to hasten my death ; but God preserved my life to expose the lies of the false prophets, who said the missionaries had predicted that I could not survive their maledictions more than a year ; and many were employed to bring about this end ; but God defeated their design.

“ In every voyage there were many persons whose greatest amusement was to see me incessantly beaten, but particularly the captain’s steward, who called it *painting Calvin’s back*, and insultingly asked if Calvin gave me strength to work after being so finely bruised ; and when he wished the beating to be repeated, he would ask if *Calvin* was not to have his portion again. When he saw me sinking from day to day under cruelties and fatigue, his happiness was complete. The officers, who were anxious to please him, had recourse to this inhuman sport for his entertainment, during which he was constantly convulsed with laughter. When he saw me raise my eyes to heaven, he said, ‘ God does not hear Calvinists when they pray. They must endure their tortures till they die, or change their religion.’ In short, my very

dear brother, there was not a single day, when we were at sea, and toiling at the oar, but I was brought into a dying state. The poor wretched creatures who were near me did everything in their power to help me, and to make me take a little nourishment. But in the depth of distress, which nature could hardly endure, my God left me not without support.

“In a short time, all will be over, and I shall forget all my sorrows in the joy of being ever with the Lord. Indeed, whenever I was left in peace a little while, and was able to meditate on the words of eternal life, I was perfectly happy; and when I looked at my wounded body, I said, Here are the glorious marks which St. Paul rejoiced to bear in his body. After every voyage I fell sick; and then, being free from hard labour and the fear of blows, I could meditate in quiet, and render thanks to God for sustaining me by his goodness, and strengthening me by his good Spirit.

“I was much tried in the hospital. I was often threatened to be fastened to the chain, and was once actually so punished for having visited one of my friends, an invalid. I then thought, indeed, that all my voyages were over; but God has restored my health, to shew those who were

determined to destroy it that he can rescue from the jaws of death, and also to cause me to glorify him in sufferings. Indeed, my beloved brother in Jesus Christ, I am quite willing to suffer as long as it shall please God to call me to it, being assured, through faith in his promises, that he will make me conqueror, and even more than conqueror. I do assure you that if I have had some inconveniences to bear, God has given me grace to be contented and thankful. My friends could not assist me, not being able to obtain permission to come near me; and a sum of money which they had forwarded was lost. But, thanks to my God, I have been able to subsist on bread when I have had nothing else. I have seldom been totally destitute, some means or other having been almost always found by my friends to convey something to me; and, in every state, Christ has given me to feel the preciousness of his promises. I am obliged to finish. I have with me a companion, who sends you his sincere and most affectionate remembrance. Do not forget us in your earnest prayers. We pray, with our whole hearts, as much for you as for ourselves. God is witness of the love I bear you, which is, indeed, your due, who have so instructed and comforted me.

You were as a faithful pastor to us when we were detained in the prisons; and everything which you possessed was given up to us in common for our help and comfort. I commend you to the mercy of God, and beseech our gracious Father to be your deliverer, to give you the enjoyment of his grace here below, and in the kingdom of his glory. Pray for me, my dear brother. I am yours, in all sincerity and affection,

“ P. MAURU.”

This blessed martyr was tormented to the very end of his life in nearly the same manner as he represents in his letter. He wrote two other letters to Mons. Le Febvre, which shew, in a remarkable manner, his piety, his ardent desires for sanctification, his entire submission to the will of God, and his fervent love to the church, and those of its members who were still exposed to persecution; particularly to his companions in misery, encouraging himself with them by fervent prayer, to finish with honour and joy the painful but glorious course they ran, and in which they fought the good fight of faith. At length, after more than ten years of great misery, his health being totally ruined, and his poor body crippled with hardships and blows, he sank into excessive debility, and

was torn with a continual cough, which almost prevented him from breathing or speaking. While in this state, he gave innumerable evidences of faith, hope, and charity; which made his persecutors and jailors burn with rage, particularly the missionaries, who were mortified to find their solicitations useless, and confounded by the courage and patience of the martyr, as were the Jews of old by the discourse of Stephen. At the same time, all others, even the Roman catholics, were edified and delighted. The following extracts from the letters of persons upon whose testimony we can depend, describe the circumstances of his death :

“This,” says Mons. De Serre, in sending a note from the blessed Mauru, “will probably be the last you will receive from him. His voice is very weak and his strength fails. But if the pitiable state of his shattered frame cannot but afflict us, the happy state of his soul must fill us with joy and consolation. His resignation to the will of God, his humility, his patience in the midst of sufferings are so great, that such another example can scarcely be found. He was in this state of weakness from the close of the year 1695 till the time of his death in the beginning of April, 1696; yet

perpetually watched by wretches who undertook that task with delight, and tormented in a most unheard-of manner, by a missionary who had been let loose upon him, to seduce if possible this elect one of God. The following account of his death was written by a galley-slave whose name I do not know :—‘ Mons. Mauru died last night. I did not think he was so near his end, for when I visited him yesterday, by your desire, he spoke with as much strength as usual. I expressed the wish of yourself and your brother to hear from him—that is, to receive a letter from his own hand. He assured me it was impossible for him to write even four lines, and begged you therefore not to expect it. He entreated me to thank you for all your kind attentions, and to tell you that he waited with resignation for the coming of his Lord, (these were his very words.) I had seized the dinner-hour to see him, when all the servants were at table, and was alone with him above half an hour.’ In another note from the hospital the following week, the same person says, ‘ You will feel assured that I have been greatly concerned at the death of your friend. I was deeply affected when his body was removed from this place to be interred. Mons. V. had ordered a coffin ;

and the corpse was already placed in it, when the wretch Catalan meeting it at the door immediately ran for the villain Guérard, and told him to go to Mons. Miroüer (the chaplain), and say that people of this sort ought to be thrown on a dunghill, and not buried in a coffin. The chaplain, glad of the opportunity, instantly came down, ordered the coffin to be un-nailed, and the corpse to be torn out and cast away without a Christian burial. This action appeared barbarous to all; and had it not been for the fear of the consequences I should have exclaimed against it with indignation. I wish, both for your sake and his own, that I could have comforted him more than I did, but in this place it was impossible; though, I assure you, I often forgot every personal consideration. I was twice furiously attacked by the priest while I was with him, who would fain have prevented me from seeing him. The poor sufferer always dreaded lest something should happen to me on his account; but that fear had no weight with me.’”

Extract from another letter from Mons. de Serre to Mons. Le Febvre, on the same subject :

“We have been more particularly informed

by a brother who was with him, that his end perfectly corresponded to the holiness of his life. He retained to the last as sound a judgment as when in perfect health. His faith and stedfastness were stronger and brighter than ever. In proportion as the flesh grew weaker his soul rose towards heaven, or rather towards his God, with increased vigour and more intense desire, as if beginning to feel her deliverance from the clog of this earthly body. The deceivers who surrounded his bed, and stood watching, like famished wolves, waiting to destroy his soul, in the hope of ensnaring him in the crime of apostasy, were sharply repulsed by him; and they found, to their confusion, that though his body was decaying, his spirit had renewed its strength. At length, seeing themselves completely vanquished, they were compelled to give up the attempt, and to leave this holy one in the hands of his Almighty Shepherd, who led him to those celestial pastures where he shall hunger and thirst no more.

“He underwent all that the fury of men could invent to shake his constancy; but all their efforts were vain, producing the very contrary effect they desired; for they proved the means



of them was only condemned for ten years, and would have been released at the expiration of that term, if the zeal of the Roman catholics permitted them to keep faith with those they chose to call heretics. Our martyr makes frequent mention of them in his letters, and gratefully acknowledges the services he received from them, and the fraternal affection which they manifested for him as long as he lived. The eldest of the De Serres having been treacherously denounced as having distributed books and money among his companions, Mons. de Monmor, the intendant of the galleys, ordered him to appear before him; and after shamefully treating him, confined him in a solitary cell in the galley-slaves' hospital, fastened by a heavy chain day and night. He was one of those who underwent that dreadful punishment called the *bastinado* on the great gun.

After the imprisonment of Mons. De L'Ansonnière, the accounts state that the afflictions of these people of God daily increased. A report was spread at Marseilles, that all the protestant galley-slaves were going to be thrown into dungeons; but there were only, at that time, the eldest De Serres, two of his dear companions, Mons. Mussetin and Mons. Sabatier, with a

Roman catholic, named Pasquet, of the same galley, and the second Mons. de Serres, of La Favourite, who were thus treated. Mons. de Serres had rendered Mons. Pasquet some important services through the assistance of a woman at Marseilles, whose husband, hoping to obtain a handsome reward, persuaded her to go and communicate it to the intendant; who, after some deliberation, ordered Mons. Pasquet to be seized and bastinadoed, which he was, until he almost expired under the blows. He also ordered Mons. Sabatier to be fiercely bastinadoed;\*

\* Mons. Sabatier, whose zeal and charity equal those of the primitive Christians, having a little money, distributed it to his brethren and fellow-sufferers in the galleys; but the protestants being watched more narrowly than the rest, he could not do it with sufficient secrecy to prevent a discovery. Being brought before Mons. Monmor, intendant of the galleys at Marseilles, and questioned, he did not deny the fact. Mons. Monmor not only promised him his pardon, but a reward, if he would declare who it was that had given him the money. Mons. Sabatier modestly answered that he should be guilty of ingratitude before God and man, if, by any confession, he should bring those persons into trouble who had been so charitable to him; that his person was at the intendant's disposal, but he desired to be excused as to the secret expected from him. The intendant replied, he knew a way to make him tell, and that immediately; upon which he sent for some Turks, who, by his order, stripped Sabatier and beat him with ropes-ends and cudgels, during three days, at different times; and seeing this did not pre-

then, after interrogating them all, he commanded them to be sent to the citadel; but the governor refusing to admit them, he had several small cells built with planks in the great room of the galley-slaves' hospital, where they were separately shut up, chained to the wall, and fed upon bread and water. Mons. Mussetin was thus imprisoned for writing a letter, which was opened at the post office, to Mons. Leger P—, at Geneva, giving an account of the intendant's ill-treatment of Mons. De L'Ansonière. The frankness and firmness of the second Mons. de Serres startled the intendant, who threatened to punish him with the utmost severity if he would not declare who had sent the books and the money he had distributed; saying that the De Serres perverted the new converts by their example and letters. He confessed that he had received books and money,

vail over the noble confessor, he himself (which no intendant ever did before) turned executioner, striking him with his cane, and saying to the bye-standers, "See what a devil of a religion this is!" This was his own expression, as is credibly reported by persons who were present; and, indeed, the gazettes and public letters give us the same account. At last, seeing he was ready to die, he ordered him to a dungeon, where, notwithstanding all his torments, Providence hath preserved him to this day.—*Bion*.

and had distributed them among his companions; but protested that if he were to be torn to pieces, he would not betray the persons who had sent them. He escaped the bastinado, but was chained up in a cell as the others. The man who opened the cells to give them bread once a day, said he always found Mons. de Serres at prayer. After that, Mons. Bancillon was seized on board *La Hardie*, searched, and taken to the intendant, who shut him up in one of the cells he kept in reserve for those whom the missionaries might choose to denounce.

Amongst others, Mons. Le Febvre mentions a shepherd, who was removed from the galley to Fort St. Nicholas, and from thence to a deep dungeon in the Chateau d'If. This dungeon is a place into which they descend by ladders, and is lighted only by a lamp, for which the jailor makes the prisoners pay. At first, he was left to lie on the ground, or rather mire, almost without clothing. A monk who went down into it to visit the unhappy beings who are kept there, could not help declaring that the horrors of the place made him shudder; that he had not nerve enough to go again; that the deplorable condition of the poor creatures drew tears from his eyes; and that he saw one of them who was

become the prey of worms even before his death. In such a place as this, the unlettered but gracious shepherd, wrote several notes to his dear brethren in the galleys. The following was addressed to Mons. Fortunat:—

“Though I have not the honour, sir, to be personally acquainted with you, yet knowing, by sad experience, that your love and zeal extend to the meanest of the flock of Christ, I have reason to hope you will kindly permit me to leave this gloomy prison to-day, at least in my affections, to offer you my most respectful regards in the chains you bear for Christ, and to thank you, with heartfelt sincerity, for all your kindness to me, but above all for the prayers you offer in my behalf. I entreat you, dear suffering servant of the living God, to pray that he will have pity on such a poor, weak, fainting creature as I am; that he will give me humility of soul to abase myself as I ought to all; that he will so penetrate my heart with his infinite love, that he may become the only object of my love unto my life’s end. Beseech him to give me that entire conformity, which I ought to have, to the will of his dear Son, who came into the world to save sinners, to teach us by his word, and to guide us by his example. Pray

that I may neither speak nor act but for the glory of his name, the edification of those around me, and the advancement of my own salvation. If you grant me this favour, (which your Christian love will not deny,) I assure you I shall be grateful for it as long as I live. I send you a letter which I have taken the liberty to address to Mons. Du Bessonere, and other friends in . . . . .

“With prayers that the Lord may shortly deliver you from the cruelty of our unjust oppressors, and again permit you to sing the songs of Sion in his holy temple, I am, dear Sir, and illustrious sufferer for Christ’s sake, with all the respect I owe you, and which it is possible to feel,

“V——.”

Thus speaks a poor shepherd, who affirms he never learned to write till he was in bonds for his Saviour’s sake. Is not this a kind of miracle? Is it not a literal and beautiful fulfilment of the promise, “They shall be all taught of God”? He wrote several other letters in the same spirit; which occasioned one of the confessors to exclaim, “Would to God that every king on his throne were as happy as this poor shepherd in the mire of his dungeon!” How wonderful are

the effects of the grace of God, even in the most uncultivated minds!

In one of the letters from the galleys there is an account of a shocking scene which was acted at Marseilles; and though it is not immediately connected with this memoir, it may be allowed a place here:—

“I grieve, and yet I rejoice still more,” says the writer, “at what has just taken place at Marseilles, in the case of a young woman whom God has taken to himself. As she was dying, a priest came to confess her; for, through the weakness of the flesh, she had not stood firm when the torrent of persecution was at its height; but she would not listen to him, or rather, the confession she made to this deceiver was totally different from what he expected to receive; for all her grief was that she had denied her Divine Saviour. ‘What!’ said he; ‘do you not believe that God is in the host? Do you dare dispute so great a mystery?’ She replied, ‘I do not believe it. My Saviour is everywhere in spirit, but heaven is the place of his abode. It is there I worship him, and not in that which is nothing without him. That is my confession, and the faith in which I die.’ She then raised her eyes to heaven, and in that blessed frame, gave up her

soul into the hands of her faithful Creator. Upon this, the infuriate priest, who had called witnesses to attest her rejection of his services, ordered her body to be taken to the court, where it was sentenced to be dragged by the executioner on a cart through the city and thrown on a dunghill. Her scalp was cut off; and it is asserted that her tongue, by which she had glorified God, was torn out. Thus did man exercise his brutality on her poor body, which was returning to the dust, while her spirit was carried in triumph by angels to Abraham's bosom. Oh! what an honourable burial! It was enough, O daughter of Zion, to be as thy Lord and spouse! She was buried under a heap of stones which the catholics cast upon her in their fury and blind zeal."

Who would have thought that a nation so polite as ours, and hitherto universally esteemed so, could be capable of barbarities which the fiercest savages on earth would be ashamed to commit? It cannot be said to have been the excess of a brutal mob; for it was done at the instigation of the priests, who were spectators of the scene; it was done with the knowledge of the magistrates, who took no step to put an end to it; it was authorized by the sentences



and decisions of our rulers, and therefore approved by the court as well as by the ecclesiastics of the kingdom; who appear, in all this, to be truly the members and agents of antichrist, that mighty foe and persecutor of the saints. Oh! if all the sentences which have been pronounced in this unhappy country against the defenceless protestants were collected together, what a code of tyranny would they compose! And what a stain on the honour of the nation would a record be of all the horrors that were committed under their sanction!

In continuing the notice of Mons. Le Febvre's fellow-sufferers, it will be necessary to relate some lamentable events which happened to all the protestants in the galleys.

In the year 1699, the treatment of the protestants on board the galleys arrived at such a pitch of cruelty that they were compelled to send a petition to the intendant; in which, after the introduction, they say,

“ . . . They beg, Sir, to be permitted to inform you, with the most profound respect, that the weakest among them are set to row in places where the most vigorous are scarcely able to bear up, and that, too, under a shower of blows. They are bastinadoed, and double-bas-

tinadoed. When they are sick in the hospital, they are removed from among the Turks, which is their usual place, and put among Roman catholics, for a pretext to load them with chains, if they refuse to honour the objects of the catholic worship, which are brought before them for this purpose. Some are bound to the benches, with their hands fastened behind them ; others are dragged to the poop, when the office is performed, and there horribly beaten. They are forced into, and kept in, the most disgusting place in the galley, where they can neither stand upright nor lie down. They are deprived of every privilege which the most infamous felons are allowed to enjoy.\*

“ It would tire your patience to mention all the evils they undergo. They have been vilified to the commandant and at court, that orders might be obtained against them, and these cruelties practised under the sanction of authority. They will not fatigue your honour by a recital of all that has been reported of

\* The barbarities committed in those horrid vessels exceed all that can possibly be imagined. The ingenuity of the notorious Sicilian tyrants in inventing torments deserves no longer to be proverbial, for they are far excelled in this diabolical art by the modern enemies of religion and liberty.  
*Bion.*

them, nor of the facts they might bring forward to prove its falsehood. But whatever may be said of them, God knows their innocence, and the uprightness of their conduct, which is, by his grace, irreproachable as it respects man, unless their inviolable attachment to the religion of their forefathers be made a crime. And since this is the only cause for which they have been condemned to the galleys, no other punishments ought to be inflicted upon them than those their sentences enjoin, according to the laws of equity, and the intentions of our great king, whose royal clemency would not allow of these excesses if they came to his knowledge.

“ Though they are represented in the darkest colours, their sacred and inviolable maxim ever is, to fear God and to honour the king, as faithful subjects and good members of society.

“ They will never cease to pray for those who add affliction to their bonds ; but especially will they pray for our victorious monarch, whom may it please God to bless with the precious gifts of heaven above, and the earth beneath ; with peace in his kingdom, and all the prosperity that his heart can desire. They will not fail to pray for the health and protection of your honour and all who are yours.”

Who would not have expected that, at the sight of such a petition, the most obdurate heart would have been touched with compassion for the afflicted servants of God; and that, without shewing them any favour, which indeed they did not ask, an order would have been immediately issued to do them justice, by putting a stop to that enormous excess of punishment beyond the terms of their sentences, which no criminal ever had to submit to, unless guilty of additional crimes? But, so far from this being the case, it happened to them as it happened to the children of Israel in Egypt, when Moses and Aaron presented themselves before Pharaoh to ask permission for the people to go out and offer sacrifices unto God. "Ye are idle," they were answered; "ye are idle: therefore ye ask to go and sacrifice unto your God. Go; get you straw where ye can find it; yet ye shall not diminish aught from your bricks of your daily task."

The petition having been sent back from the court, endorsed with this order, "*to be examined into*," instead of instituting an inquiry to prove the truth or falsehood of its representations, the intendant's secretary was only bent upon discovering the author of it. He went on

board several galleys, questioning every one he suspected; and some of those who were in the filthiest quarter of the vessels, enduring the misery which was particularly mentioned, were the first to be interrogated. He then went in search of Mons. de St. L., who being shewn the petition, instantly acknowledged himself the writer of it, as became an honest man, and one suffering in the cause of truth. The secretary, on this confession, uttered dreadful threats; but the captain, who came to him afterwards, spoke more mildly, telling him that this affair would probably bring him into fresh troubles. And so it came to pass; for it drew upon him the anger of the missionaries, the chaplains, and other revengeful persons, who affected to be much hurt by this proceeding. He was threatened to be buried alive in a dungeon, and represented to the court as a monster who deserved to be despatched without mercy. "I am prepared for all events," said he, "knowing that my enemies are entirely dependent upon God, in whom I trust; who will set bounds to their power, if he does not to their calumnies and wicked desires." It is believed that a special order was sent from the court to keep him in close confinement. One thing, at least,

is quite clear—that the court is so deeply prejudiced against us as to make a crime of the complaints which the bitterness of our bondage wrings from us. The further consequences of the petition will be immediately seen.

About the close of the same year, began those massacres, the general bastinadoes, which were continued until about the month of July, 1701, and which struck horror throughout Europe. An order is said to have been obtained from the court, by means of false representations made by the missionaries, to compel the protestants to shew respect to the catholic services, and to punish such as refused. The storm fell upon all the galleys that were in port, except those devoted to the aged and invalids. It began by an officer of the port coming on board and commanding those who had refused obedience to be bastinadoed; but, sick of the dreadful spectacle, he declined the cruel task, and sent the major of the galleys to execute the order, who, by dint of fair words, mingled with bitter threats, gained over some, and shamefully treated the rest; but those who had faltered for a moment, through the weakness of the flesh, were endued with strength to recover from their fall; and they protested they were resolved to suffer to

the utmost extremity, rather than again bow the knee to Baal. Some of the officers who presided at these executions advised them to uncover their heads merely from civility, and to avoid giving offence, observing that compliance with these trifles would not be a change of religion. "Uncover your heads, and turn to the poop," said the major, "and then pray to God, Calvin, or whom you choose." And as some of the most timid, under this pretext of civility, had shewn an inclination to yield, in the dread of the terrible punishment that hung over them, they were strengthened by the exhortations of their fellow-sufferers to stand firm, and were further fortified by a pastor who wrote to them for that purpose.

A letter from one of the confessors at this time informs us that "an order has been issued in every galley to refix to the chain all those protestants who had been released from it on the payment of a small fee, (which is the usual privilege of galley-slaves,) and to make them attend mass; and if they should refuse to place themselves in the same posture as the Roman catholics, to acquaint the commander with it. Two of our dear faithful brethren, Duclos and Richard, have twice suffered the

bastinado on the great gun, for not taking off their caps and standing up, like the catholics, while mass was being said. I leave you to imagine what pain they will be put to when they will have to toil at the oar with their wounded bodies unprotected by clothing. They bore this sanguinary flagellation with wonderful patience and firmness. Before Mons. Duclos received his bastinado, he was stunned by several violent kicks, which a malicious officer gave him on his head to make him stand up; and then the lieutenant, a miserable apostate, put manacles on his hands, and flogged the Turks to make them strike him more violently. But their firmness, instead of checking the malice of their persecutors, only provoked it the more, and called forth threatenings of every dreadful evil; while the chaplains, their inveterate enemies, were overjoyed at the sight of the complete success of their wicked machinations. Can these be called the disciples of Jesus Christ, the benign ministers of the gospel of peace, who have recourse to such sanguinary means to bring men to the obedience of him who says, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart'? Are they not rather the children of him who is 'a



murderer from the beginning'? And, strange to say, at the very time when they are treating us so cruelly, they have the effrontery to tell us, that the church abhors the effusion of blood, and that souls are to be won only by gentle means!\*

“The way of proceeding with the poor creatures is this:—in the first place, the chaplains order them to be fastened to the chain on the deck, near the altar. They are then warned not to come before the altar and behave irreverently there. To which the confessors reply, ‘Why, then, are we maliciously chained in this part of the vessel, and not left at liberty as well as others, and allowed to go to the fore-deck with the Turks; we should then give no offence? But they are only answered, ‘The king has commanded it.’†

\* See Appendix, Note 4.

† “Suppose they were wrong in obstinately refusing to change their religion, the galleys were their punishment. Why, then, were they required to do that which had been the cause of their punishment, especially since there is a law in France that positively forbids a double punishment for one and the same fault,—viz., ‘Non bis punitur in idem’? But in France, properly speaking, there is no law where the king’s commands are absolute and peremptory.”—*Bion’s Narrative*.

Extract from a letter written from Marseilles at this period, forwarded by Mons. Le Febvre:—

“ Our unhappy brethren in the galleys have been mercilessly massacred by the bastinado, for refusing to uncover their heads during the service. So exasperated were their persecutors that they reduced those who shewed this unshaken steadfastness to a state the sight of which would have made the very rocks shudder, if they had been capable of feeling. After this butchery, several were taken away in a helpless state to the hospital. The first time that the eldest Mons. de Serre was thus cruelly bastinadoed, he nearly expired with agony; as you will see by his notes, which I enclose with this. I leave you to judge of his pitiable state, when the torture was repeated with such ferocity the next morning that his blood ran down on the cannon upon which he was stretched. He was then carried to the hospital; from whence, after it pleased God miraculously to restore him to a measure of health, he was removed to the Château-d’If; and there he was left without even a wretched mattress to lie on. We have heard from him since, through the mercy of the Lord. His bones having been

almost literally broken, he suffers violent pains over his whole body. The two Carrières who underwent a similar treatment were taken to the same place. The poor Mons. Elie Maurin has been twice bastinadoed, and is locked up in the hospital, and kept on bread and water, with Mons. L'Houstaies, and many others who are extremely ill. Mons. Alexandre in *La Magnanime* has been four times mercilessly beaten with a tarred rope soaked in the sea, which makes it as hard as an iron bar. . . . . Though I have every reason to rejoice," adds the writer, "on account of the sublime glory of their triumph, my tears never cease to flow, while I think of the horrible martyrdom they have passed through, or converse with those who weep for them with me. Surely the Deliverer approaches, since the tasks are doubled."

"I now invite you, my very dear and much-honoured pastor," says Mons. Le Febvre, "to come and see a man who may be called more than *vir prodigii*, who, like a true and brave soldier, is most courageous in the greatest danger. The fiercer the onset, the more undaunted he stands. Though covered with wounds, he has buckled on the armour for still greater conflicts."

Extract from a letter written by Mons. de Serre, while his hands were in manacles, and his lacerated body was still bleeding—the 8th October, 1700 :—

“ To those dear faithful followers of Christ who are not ashamed of my chain, grace, peace, and love from our Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied unto the end.

“ Beloved brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ,—I write with my hands in manacles, and the marks of my blessed Saviour ploughed as deep furrows in my body . . . . C. and another, who were stretched on the gun before me, having yielded after three or four blows, the major addressed some senseless observations to me, to which I replied briefly, but with composure, ‘ Execute your orders.’ My resolution exasperated him, and I was therefore lashed with all the violence that could be put forth, till I was ready to expire. He then ordered a cessation, in the hope that I should comply ; but finding me still firm in my resolution, he became furious. My steadfastness encouraged all the others. But what do I say !—it was the power of divine grace. What thanks do I owe to God for the inestimable favour he has granted me of suffering for

his name's sake ! Praise him with me, all ye people of the Lord. But above all, I beseech every faithful soul, beloved of the Lord, to implore for me supporting grace, that I may persevere to the end ; without which all will have been suffered in vain, and I shall be overwhelmed with everlasting confusion. While the major was cruelly torturing our brethren, and my hands were being manacled by his orders, there arrived a messenger from the intendant, named Régis, who whispered to the major, and shewed him a memorial. The major then called for me, and in a threatening tone, said, ' This is Mons. Serre. Well ; I have just given him a sound bastinado ; but this evening I will tear the flesh from his bones.'

" Thus, my dear friends, I expect death. Happy if I die faithful. They seem to be more bitterly enraged against me than against all my companions together. It is said that, this evening or to-morrow, I am to be conveyed to the Château-d'If, after I have been again put to the torture. I have done what I could for my dear brethren at the peril of my life, both in the prisons and here also. I have exhorted them, and set them an example. May the Lord, in his mercy, grant that I may not

dishonour his name. Implore the help of God, for Jesus Christ his Son's sake, that I may come off victorious. Let your hands be lifted up in prayer, and let them not fall till I have gained the victory. Follow me with your prayers to my dungeon, if I go there. I shall not forget you, and shall ever bear in remembrance your love and tenderness. May God grant you an abundant recompence in this life, and eternal felicity in that which is to come. I love and honour you most affectionately, and am, and shall ever be, most entirely yours, dear brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, your very humble and very obedient servant,  
"SERRE."

"It is the Spirit of God alone," adds Mons. Le Febvre, "which can enable men thus to speak and act. To him be all the praise and glory ascribed. The brave confessor was in this holy and courageous frame even before he entered into battle. In a letter to his brother in the port of Genoa, after having mentioned several who had been bastinadoed, he says that he was threatened himself, but that he was prepared, and depended on the grace of God alone for strength. 'If we confess Jesus Christ before men, he will confess us before his Father

and the angels. If, through God's help, we conquer, our victory will do honour to the church of God, and put to shame this Babylon that is drunk with the blood of the saints. Our victory will be her defeat. And as, by the means she employs, she is filling up the cup of her abominations, the fearful end of her reign of darkness fast approaches.' In another letter he says, 'I am like a besieged city, expecting every moment the entrance of a formidable army, who will put all to the sword; but I hope to defeat the designs of every power that shall rise against me; for my eyes are up unto the Almighty. Pray for me, I entreat you, and for all who are in the same condition, that we may wrestle and prevail with God.' What an example of the power of grace! But what an awful subject! Never was revenge more horrible or more useless. If I mistake not, this treatment is called in Latin *excarificari*. But upon whom do they wreak their revenge? Upon the sheep of Christ's flock—upon the victims of humility and patience, who pray without ceasing for the conversion and happiness of those who destroy them."

At length, in the year 1701, the fury of the

bastinadoes ceased, by an order from the court. That this order was issued in compassion for the inoffensive confessors is not to be believed, for none is felt for them under all those remaining wrongs which their iniquitous sentences do not enjoin. But all Europe having declared their abhorrence of the inhuman practice, and the ambassadors and even private persons of the French nation being incessantly reproached with it, whithersoever they went; the court became somewhat ashamed of the crime, and commanded the bastinadoes to cease, after instituting an inquiry into the matter on board the galleys: when every one, missionaries, chaplains, and officers, exculpated themselves as well as they could, either by endeavouring to lessen the atrocity of the facts or by audaciously denying them; while their hatred, and rage, and spirit of revenge, against the poor worn-out captives remained undiminished.

After this, they enjoyed a calm for a few months, and then the storm returned as before. "In my letter of July last," says a confessor in January, 1702. "I told you that we enjoyed a little peace; but we were soon after that fixed in the chain, and very strictly searched.



All our books were taken away, not excepting catholic authors, and our money, though that was restored the next morning; but if it had been a considerable sum, it would have been returned only a penny at a time, if returned at all, to prevent us from assisting our brethren; for the greatest care has ever been taken to hinder the exercise of charity among us, and some have been, for this cause, confined in dungeons."

"We are made the butt and laughing-stock," says another about the same time, "of all the new-comers; but we look at the arrangements of Providence, and submit to his will without whose permission not a hair of our heads can be touched. Let the world despise us as they may, the angels will acknowledge us hereafter, in glory, if it be the will of God. The reproach of Christ is worth more than all the honours and pleasures of the earth. Our feet are held in fetters; but our souls cannot be bound, nor prevented from mounting towards heaven. Our bodies are made to toil and bleed; but our souls will soar upwards and hold communion with our God, and rejoice in the sense of his love. We are imprisoned in gloomy dungeons and cut off from society; but the visits of our heavenly

Father cannot be obstructed, nor the faithful company of holy angels shut out.”\*

During all this time, the poor secluded beings in the dungeons were not spared their accustomed merciless usage; but on the contrary, their afflictions increased in intensity, until, at length, Mons. Le Febvre, who had through all his previous sufferings invariably refused to petition for better treatment, was brought to the same determination as the confessors in the galleys, and wrote to his pastor expressly on the subject, in November, 1699. His pastor approved of his design, as his condition could hardly be made worse than it was; and if he should gain nothing by it, it would be a testimony before God and man against the authors of those iniquitous deeds. But seeing that the petition from the galleys was only followed by disastrous consequences, and having no reason to suppose his persecutors were better disposed towards him than they were towards his brethren, he relinquished his intention, and

\* It is certain that, though there was at first a very great number of protestants condemned to the galleys, the bastinado and other torments have destroyed above three parts out of four, and most of those who are still alive are in dungeons—as Messrs. Bancillon, Serres, and Sabatier.—*Bion*.

again prepared himself for sufferings, for meditation, and for prayer.

Hearing, however, that a list of the infirm and invalid prisoners was prepared to be sent to the court for their discharge, and not being aware that no protestants were to be included in it, he thought it was his duty to draw up a memorial, setting forth the length of his confinement, the wretchedness of his dungeon, the badness of the provisions, and the ill state of his health. "According to the advice you gave me," said he, in June, 1700, "in the last letter you did me the honour to write, I complained of the pernicious quality of the food, and the disorders which it caused me; but I have gained nothing by it. Those who have undertaken to force me to renounce my holy religion say and do what they like: 'they are accustomed to do evil.' All the satisfaction I have obtained is a message by the daughter of one of my keepers, saying, that they gave me the same water that the captain drank, and that my food was as good as what they had themselves; that the truth was, I was ill and squeamish; that every one desired my liberty; and that it only depended upon myself. To such denials of evident and palpable wrongs, I answer not a

word, save, 'I am here to suffer.' Yet I do assure you, my very dear and much-honoured pastor, that the unwholesome provisions have produced the most injurious effects upon my health, and have brought on a variety of painful disorders. At first, I had some occasional days of respite; but now these sorrows are my daily bread. . . . . For a long time I could scarcely think that the court entered into these matters, but Mons. Monmor was willing to undeceive me on this subject. Some days before the peace, he sent a citizen of Marseilles to me, who called himself a physician, and said that he was ordered to inspect the food I was supplied with. I was afterwards visited by another person, who told me, in answer to my inquiry, that he was sent by Mons. Monmor, in obedience to the orders of the court. After these proceedings, I was even worse dealt with than before. That all this was done with the knowledge of the higher powers is confirmed by a conversation which I had with the major of the fort, who is now the commandant, and a person of rank, whose name I do not know. The latter addressed me in these words, 'You ought rather to yield to what these gentlemen say than to the solicitations and arguments of

the priests, for you may be assured that the king will not alter his determination.' He added, 'If you had lived as a saint, one would be less surprised at your resolution.' Was not this saying

*'Temporibusque malis ausis et esse bonus'?*

Our beloved martyr was able to write but three letters after the affair of the petition; the first was that which contained an account of the bastinadoes; the second related to the petition and its consequences; and the last was of the 8th January, 1701. From that time till his death, all possibility of gaining intelligence of him was again completely prevented; except that by means of a few visits which a lady at Marseilles, Madame Salicoffre, was permitted to pay him, in the presence of his keepers, his friends learnt that he was still alive, that all the horrors of the dungeon continued undiminished, and that he was almost always in a heavenly frame of mind, like St. Stephen, when he was about to be stoned to death, full of the Holy Ghost, of faith, and of love, even to his persecutors.

His pastor perceiving that he was fast sinking to the grave, and that he had begun to prepare for the last conflict with the enemy of his soul, wrote to confirm him in those glorious

hopes for which he had so bravely fought, and was still fighting. In reply, he wrote the letter of the 8th of January, from which I make the following extract: "The apostle St. James says, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation;' and I am not surprised, my much honoured pastor, that you should say the same thing, nor that you should add, 'fifteen years of conflict and perseverance against all the assaults of Satan and the world are, without doubt, the best preparative for a happy death, and the sure earnest of a glorious reward.' In speaking thus, you suppose what must be supposed; but alas! to me this foundation standeth not firm. The good we do is mingled with evil; and I have to condemn myself for possessing little of that truth in the inward part, without which our best actions are nothing worth, and can be counted only as 'filthy rags.' It is true I am resolved to suffer, and to suffer everything; and it is also true that I render good for evil, as much as in me lies, and that I give no one any cause of complaint; but though I endeavour to lead a holy life, and press forward to the attainment of the glorious liberty of the sons of God, I make but little progress." Upon this it must be remarked that, whenever his friends spoke to him

of the abundant communications he received of the grace of God, of their great admiration of his faith and patience, of the joy he must feel in being made conqueror over his enemies, and of the edification every one derived from his example, he immediately opposed his weaknesses and imperfections, which, as they were to him a subject of never-ceasing attention and regret, he wished them also to be frequently in the thoughts of others. "Do not take so much notice," said he, "of those trifles you commend in me ; but let me have your prayers for deliverance from the great sins that beset me." Yet he ever expressed heartfelt gratitude to God for the gifts of his grace, and lived in holy confidence of his mercy, and a sure hope of salvation.

He insists, in the next place, that his benevolent relative should cease to make him remittances for his support. He had often made this request ; but he now entreated that his friends would persuade his benefactor to withdraw his engagement ; who, however, was by no means inclined to attend to those entreaties, saying, that he should continue to do his duty ; that he had reckoned upon the misapplication of the money ; and if those who were entrusted with it abused their power to the injury of a poor

solitary captive, they would have to answer for their crime. He concludes by pouring out his grateful heart in blessings upon his valued relative and happy family, and by offering up for his pastor unfeigned and fervent prayers ; which, indeed, he never failed to do in every letter, but in this he speaks with the ardour of a dying saint bestowing his last benediction upon his weeping friends assembled around his bed ; seeming as if he knew it would be the last prayer for blessings upon us that would be permitted to meet our eyes.

“ About this time,” says one of his friends in the galleys, in a short memoir of him, “ this faithful servant of Christ, when wrestling to obtain some victory over himself, besought us all to make it a subject of special prayer to God ; and that we might all unite with him in the same petition at the same moment, he appointed the hour of nine in the evening, when the gun is fired for the slaves to go to rest ; when the labours of the day and most of the tumult of the galleys have ceased, and we could have some kind of retirement. It pleased God to hear and answer our united prayers ; but we never knew the precise object of his request.”

He lingered in solitude about a year and a



half longer, uncheered by a word of consolation from his pastor or his brethren, and unheard of, except through Madame Salicoffre, who was allowed to make him a very few visits. This lady saw him, for the last time, two days before his death, when he appeared extremely reduced and emaciated, using remedies, but obtaining no relief from pain. She left him, highly edified, commending him to the grace of God, and pressing upon those who had the charge of him to shew him some compassion in his last extremity and to let him be decently buried. He died the 14th of June, 1702, at eleven o'clock in the evening, sixteen years and four months after his arrest. The presence of his God and the comforts of the Holy Spirit were his only, yet all-sufficient help in the hour of death.

Extract from a letter from Mons. de St. H. J——: “He is gone! that victorious champion of the Lord Jesus is gone!—the noblest of all my companions in misery. He is gone from the bitterness of his earthly conflict to the ineffable sweetness of the martyr’s glorious triumph. What transcendent honour to have died on the field of battle, and remained more than conqueror through our Almighty Saviour! or rather, what inexpressible happiness to have

defended to the last the cause of our heavenly Master, and received from his merciful hand the crown of life, which he hath promised to him that overcometh—the inestimable reward of his inviolable fidelity! He is gone from his long and most painful imprisonment to the perfect liberty of the sons of God; from that dismal dungeon which had been a *stable*, to the palace of the King of kings, all radiant with light; from his wearisome solitude to the company of holy angels, and of his fellow-servants who were slain, like himself, for the testimony of Jesus. He is gone to the full fruition of God himself; to the possession of the sublime riches of his glory; to the blessed rest and endless consolation of his soul. Since, then, he is gone from so miserable to so happy a state, why should we grieve for the loss of our dear friend? Verily, when I contemplate his unutterable glory, my tears cease to flow; and so far am I from wishing to recall him to earth by my grief, that I long myself to quit these tents of Kedar where neither truce nor peace is ever made, and to enter the delightful mansion of the Prince of peace where righteousness dwells. This would be far better for me than to stay longer in the hurtful abodes of

man. It is the sweet hope, my dear pastor, of being one day with our beloved Jesus, and contemplating the glory which the Father hath given him, that has sustained me under all the tribulations I have borne for the gospel during my bondage ; and I shall not be ashamed of my hope, by the help of his grace, on which I humbly build all my confidence of victory over the enemies of my salvation.

“ All our brethren are distressed at their loss. The death of our most valued friend will fill with grief the hearts of all the members of his church. May the Lord support us all !” He says that when it was understood on board the galleys that our martyr was in dying circumstances, he composed for him a prayer suited to the case of a believer about to yield up his spirit into the hands of his God ; but it could not be conveyed to him. Prayer was made for him by all the brethren.

He informs us that when the poor lifeless body was brought out of the dungeon, the commandant gazed upon it, and exclaimed to those who were with him, “ What an astonishing penance this poor man has done for more than sixteen years !” and this he repeated several times, being compelled to admire the patience of

his suffering prisoner, under all the trials he bore, which were well known to this officer. His remains were wrapped in a winding-sheet, and placed in a coffin which Madame Salicoffre had provided for him ; and an order was sent on board the *Madame* galley for four Turks to bury him ; but four of our brethren obtained leave to go instead of the Turks, to pay the last duties to the faithful martyr. He was buried in a corner of the fort near the moat.

Nothing more needs be said in his praise. His sorrowing brethren have pronounced his eulogy ; and it could not come from better hands than these servants of God, who witnessed his combats, and were cheered by his letters and pious writings, amidst the labours and the horrors of the galleys. Those champions of the Lord Jesus know full well the weight of the cross of Christ. They know by their own experience how great is the honour of fighting and suffering for his holy name ; and how sweet are the joys and consolations which his love sheds abroad in their souls while they agonize for him. They know what happiness faith and love produce in the soul of a martyr before he lays down his life, in the prospect of the glorious reward already prepared for him. They can

therefore speak of that happiness better than others. Who can doubt that, in the extremities to which they have been so often brought, as it were, between life and death, they have felt the same raptures which the martyr feels when his soul is ready to take her flight to the mansions in the skies; and that the representations they give us of those almost celestial transports are drawn to the life?

## APPENDIX.

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### NOTE 1.

“THE term fixed for the fatal choice of either abjuring their religion (the pastors) or leaving the kingdom was a fortnight, and that upon pain of being condemned to the galleys. But this liberty, by many base artifices and unjust methods, was rendered useless and of none effect ; for there were often secret orders, by the contrivance of the clergy, to prevent their embarking and hinder the selling of their property. Their debtors were absolved when they denied a debt. Their children were forced from their arms, in hopes that the tenderness of the parent might prevail over the zeal of the Christian. The tears of the poor innocents were mingled with the blood of their fathers ; for many ministers who had zeal and steadfastness enough to brave the severest torments were broken alive on wheels without mercy, whenever surprised in discharging the duties of their function. The registers and courts of justice where the sentences pronounced against them are recorded are lasting monuments of the bloody temper and fury of popery.

“The laity were forbidden, on pain of the galleys, to leave the kingdom on any pretence whatsoever. But, what posterity will scarcely believe, the protestants of all sexes, ages, and conditions, used to fly through deserts and wild, impracticable ways, committing their lives to the

mercy of the seas, and running innumerable hazards to avoid either idolatry or martyrdom. Some escaped very happily, in spite of the vigilance of the dragoons and archers ; but many fell into their hands, whereby the prisons were filled with confessors."—*Bion's Account of the Sufferings of the Protestants on Board the Gallies.*

## NOTE 2.

" A galley is a long, flat, one-decked vessel, with oars, though she has two masts ; for not being built to endure a rough sea, her sails are for the most part useless. At the stern there is a cabin, shaped on the outside like a cradle, belonging to the captain, and solely his at night or in foul weather ; but in the daytime, common to the officers and chaplain. All the rest of the crew, except the under-officers, who retire to other convenient places, are exposed above-deck to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and to the cold and damps by night. There is, indeed, a kind of tent, suspended by a cable from head to stern, that affords some little shelter ; but the misfortune is, this is only when they can best be without it,—that is, in fair weather ; for in the least wind it is taken down, the galley not being then able to carry it. Under the deck there are six small cabins, and in the hold there is a close, dark room, the air being admitted only by the scuttle, about two feet square, which is the only way into it. At each end of this room there is a sort of scaffold, called *taular*, on which the sick are laid promiscuously, without beds, or anything under them. When these scaffolds are full, all other sick men are stretched along the cables, as they were in 1703, when we were off the coast of Italy, in the winter, and had above sixty men sick. The whole space between the ceiling and the *taular* is but three feet ; and when the duties of my station called me in among them to confess, advise, or administer com-

fort, I was obliged to lie down and stretch myself along their sides to hear their confessions; and often when I was confessing one, another expired by my side. I was obliged to be often in this gloomy dwelling; and methought I walked, in a literal sense, in the shades of death. The stench is most intolerable; so that a slave, though ever so weak, will rather choose to tug at the oar and expire under his chain than retire to this loathsome hospital. In every galley there are five guns on the fore-deck,—viz., four, six, or eight pounders; the fifth, called the *coursier*, carries a thirty-six pound ball.”—*Bion*.

## NOTE 3.

“There are five slaves to every oar; one of them, a Turk, set at the end to work it with more strength. The fatigue of tugging at the oar is extraordinary. They must rise to draw their stroke, and fall back again; insomuch that, in all seasons, through the continual and violent motion of their bodies, the perspiration trickles down their harassed limbs. For fear they should fail, as they often do through faintness, there is a gangboard which runs through the middle of the vessel, on which are posted three *comites*, (an officer somewhat like a boatswain,) who, whenever they find, or think, that an oar does not keep touch with the rest, without ever examining whether it proceeds from weakness or laziness, mercilessly exercises a tough wand on the man they suspect, which being long, is often felt by two or three of his innocent neighbours; and as they are uncovered when they row, each stroke imprints evident marks of the instrument of the executioner. As an addition to their misery, they are not allowed the least sign of discontent or complaint, that small and last comfort of the miserable; but they must, on the contrary, endeavour to exert the little vigour that remains, and try by their submission to



pacify the rage of those relentless tigers, whose blows are commonly ushered in and followed by a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations."—*Bion*.

## NOTE 4.

"In the year 1703, several protestants out of Languedoc and the Cevennes were put on board our galley. They were narrowly watched; and I was astonished on Sunday morning, after saying mass on the *bancasse*, (a table so placed that all the galley may see the priest when he elevates the host,) to hear an officer say, he was going to give the Huguenots the bastinado because they did not kneel, nor shew respect to the mysteries of the mass; and that he was going to acquaint the captain with it. The very name of bastinado terrified me, though I had never seen this dreadful execution; and I begged the officer to forbear till the next Sunday, that I might, in the meantime, endeavour to convince them of what I thought their duty and my own. . . . The dreadful day being come, the officer narrowly observed them, to see the fruit of my labours. There were only two out of twenty who bowed the knee to Baal; the rest nobly refused, and were, by the captain's order, served in the following manner. Here, like another Æneas, with sorrow, calling to mind the miseries and ruin of his country, the very memory of which filled his soul with horror, I may truly say,

'Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.'

"In order to the execution, every man's chains were taken off; and they were put in the hands of four Turks, who having stripped them, and stretched them on the *coursier*, (the great gun,) they were there so held that they could not so much as stir; during which time, there was a fearful silence throughout the galley. It was so cruel a scene that the most profligate, obdurate

wretches could not bear the sight, but were forced to turn away their eyes. The victims thus prepared, the Turk chosen to be the executioner, with a tough cudgel, or knotty rope's end, mercilessly beat the poor wretches. This he does the more willingly because he thinks it is acceptable to Mahomet. But the most barbarous thing of all was, that after the skin was flayed off their flesh, the only balsam that was applied to their wounds was a mixture of vinegar and salt; after which they were thrown into the hospital in the hold. I went thither after the execution, and could not refrain from tears at the sight of so much barbarity. They quickly perceived it; and though scarcely able to speak for pain and weakness, they thanked me for the compassion I expressed, and the kindness I had always shewn them. I went with a design to administer some comfort, but I was glad to find them less moved than I was myself. It was wonderful to see with what true Christian patience and fortitude they bore their torments; never expressing anything like rage in the extremity of their pain, but calling upon Almighty God, and imploring his assistance. I visited them day by day; and as often as I did so, my conscience upbraided me for persisting so long in a religion whose capital errors I long before perceived, and which, above all, inspired so much cruelty—a temper directly opposed to the spirit of Christianity. At last, their wounds, like so many mouths preaching to me, made me fully sensible of my error, and experimentally taught me the excellence of the protestant religion.”—*Bion*.

THE following extract from a Letter addressed to the Translator, proving that “Rome est toujours Rome,” will be read with painful interest :—

“October, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* You are aware that Miss B. and I have this year been making a tour in the south of France and Piedmont ; and when you mentioned to us the work in which you are at present engaged, we were the more interested in the subject, from knowing that, at this very time, some degree of a similar spirit of persecution exists in these countries ; and, what is more to the point, that even now there are persons willing to endure suffering for the sake of their faith. In the south of France, indeed, there is no direct persecution ; but the facts we learnt at Nice were to us new and startling. There we heard this very year, that three respectable men, heads of families, had been imprisoned in Villa Franca for their religious opinions. We understood that they had been confined in dungeons below the level of the sea, the prison being on the cliff. Two of these men were thus confined for four months, and the third for six months. This last had but just been liber-

ated when we arrived. We were told that he was a fine, honest-hearted fellow, and that every one gave him an excellent character. He possessed a little farm, from the cultivation of which, and from all means of assisting his family, he was removed, and kept in rigorous confinement, the only known charge being that he was seen on a Sunday sitting under his own tree, and reading his bible to his wife. Application was made as to the cause of his detention, but they could only learn that "the order came from the king." Our friend who told us these particulars advised us by no means to visit him, lest such an attempt should give offence, and bring him into fresh difficulty. He also advised us to be very cautious in distributing any tracts which could be construed as being of a controversial nature; and said, that two English ladies had already been ordered out of the country from having in this way excited the suspicion of the government. We were ourselves so doubtful of the good of shaking people's faith in their own mode of worship, without enlightening their minds further, that we had purposely put away all which might seem disputatious, but a few of a simply religious tendency were very willingly received by the people on our road. When we were at Geneva, in August last, many of our friends were quite anxious about a gentleman who lived near that lake, and who had been imprisoned in consequence of expressing his sentiments on religion. He had gone as an invalid to the baths of Aix, in Savoy, and at the Table d'Hôte entered into some controversial conversation, and gave a tract on protestantism. Without any notice, or allowing him time to quit the territory, that very afternoon a gendarme came to carry him to prison. In spite

of his illness, (and his health suffered much from losing the baths, and from being in a damp prison,) they kept him there a fortnight, without allowing him to get off by a fine. After that time, we heard that his wife had joined him, and finally, we heard that he was liberated on the strong representation, it is thought, of the Prussian ambassador at Turin.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

“ I am, my dear friend,

“ Yours truly,

“ A. G——,”

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